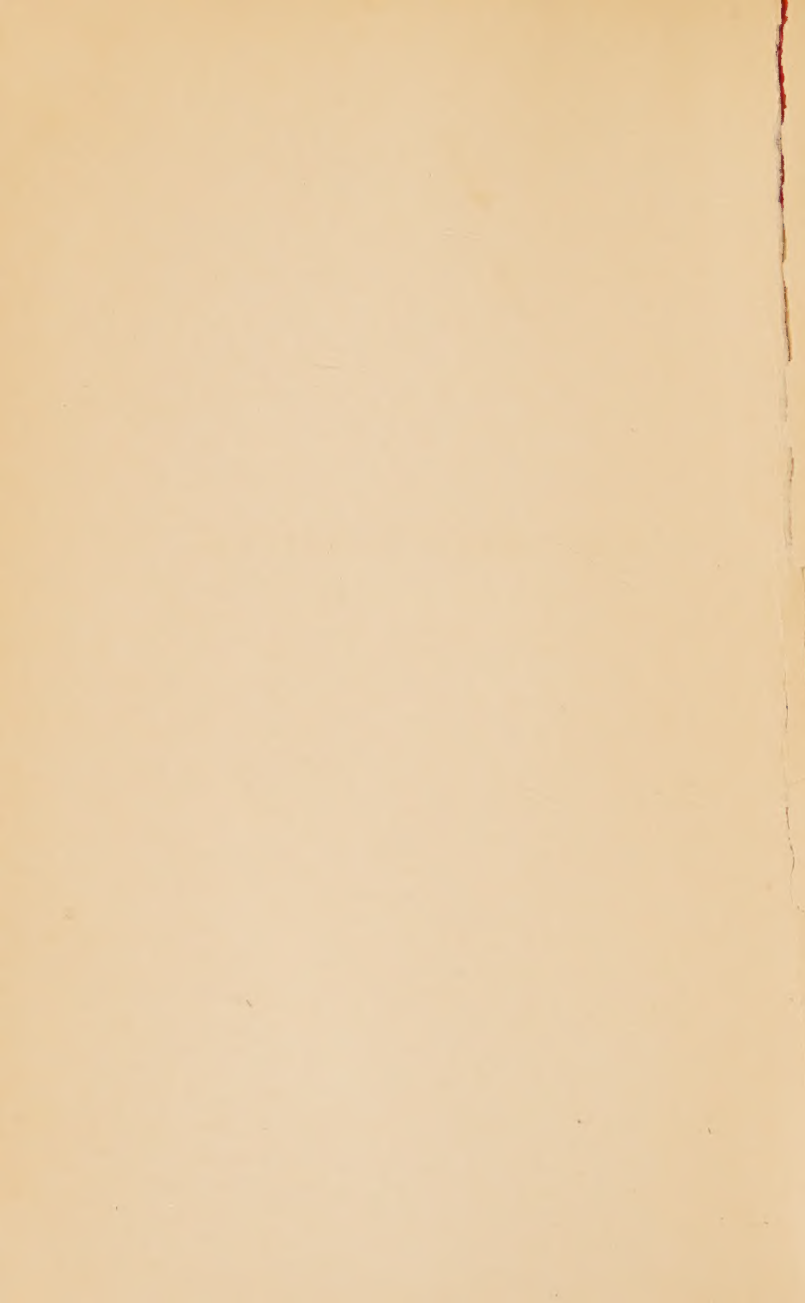


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THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC

THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC

HOW TO FIND IT
AND HOW TO SHARE IT

BY
EDWARD DICKINSON

NEW YORK
CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS

1927

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To hear the highest music is to be made immediately conscious of our nobler self. The interest that music arouses is the interest that attaches itself to every human heart; and the love of which it speaks is the love which proclaims the kinship of humanity.

— COLIN McALPIN.

Music is what awakes from you when you are reminded by the instruments.

— WALT WHITMAN.

Many love music but for music's sake,
Many because her touches can awake
Thoughts that repose within the breast half-dead,
And rise to follow where she loves to lead.
What various feelings come from days gone by!
What tears from far-off sources dim the eye!
Few, when light fingers with sweet voices play,
And melodies swell, pause, and melt away,
Mind how at every touch, at every tone,
A spark of life hath glistened and hath gone.

— WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

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INTRODUCTION

IN one of the dreariest periods of American art history, Ralph Waldo Emerson wrote as follows: "In this country, at this time, other interests than religion and patriotism are predominant, and the arts, the daughters of enthusiasm, do not flourish. The genuine offspring of our ruling passions we behold. Popular institutions—the school, the reading-room, the post-office, the insurance company, and the immense harvest of economic inventions—are the fruit of the equality and the boundless liberty of lucrative callings. These are superficial wants, and their fruits are these superficial institutions. But as far as they accelerate the end of political freedom and national education, they are preparing the soil of man for fairer flowers and fruits in another age. For beauty, truth, and goodness are not obsolete; they spring eternal in the heart of man; they are as indigenous in Massachusetts as in Tuscany or the Isles of Greece. And that eternal spirit, whose triple face they are, moulds from them forever, for his mortal child, images to remind him of the Infinite and Fair."

This prophecy, uttered about 1850, has been moving rapidly in recent years toward its fulfilment. We are in "another age," with its "fairer flowers and fruits." In an address delivered in May, 1924, Mr. Otto H. Kahn declared:

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“Speaking generally, and with those reservations which are inherent in the enormous size of our country and the vastness of its population, it is not too much to say that the American standard of art has reached a point where it is either equal or superior to that prevailing among the peoples of Europe, with very few exceptions.

“Such observations as I have had opportunity to make—and the opportunities have been frequent and varied—have convinced me that there are many millions of the plain people whose souls are hungry, whose ears are open to the call of art, whose eyes light up at her approach, whose voices welcome her with enthusiastic gladness.

“This does not mean that the people, by and large, whatever their station, are *born* with good taste. . . . It does mean that the masses of the American people are susceptible to the message of true art, that they are responsive to education and example in art, that they welcome and gladly follow leadership on the road to knowledge and discernment, and that once they have become imbued with correct standards of appreciation, they adhere to them and apply them.”

These assertions by one of the most eminent and practically efficient connoisseurs and promoters of art in this country can easily be confirmed by any one old enough to compare present conditions with those of, say, forty years ago. Note the extraordinary transformations in our civic, ecclesiastical, and domestic architecture; in the character of our

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public memorials (the soldiers' monuments turned out by factories in vast quantities just after the Civil War are delightful reminders of the state of taste which we have outgrown); observe the list of art museums containing the names of every considerable city and many towns, each of these institutions proselyting centres for the diffusion of taste and knowledge among the whole community; the host of our painters, sculptors, and craftsmen, whose work is not surpassed in quality by that of any European country in the same period; the multiplication of art schools and the introduction of art courses for the purpose of finer art appreciation in the public schools, colleges, and universities; the activity of innumerable women's clubs and municipal organizations whose sole aim is culture; the yearly addition to the already great number of national, state, and city parks; the notable awakening of the desire for fitness and beauty in home furnishing and decoration; the myriad agencies for instruction in all these fields of private enterprise and public spirit. Even the agencies which most easily become commercialized and controlled monopolistically for purposes of private gain, such as the drama, the cinema, the phonograph, show signs that they too are feeling the better trend of the time. In poetry, fiction, and criticism, where every conceivable shade of invention, motive, and demand finds illustration, there are energies at work which are affecting the thoughts and actions of multitudes of our people. The significance of all

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this is apparent now; it will be still more apparent in the time when it has become history. For there is truth in the saying of Romain Rolland: "The political life of a nation is only the most superficial aspect of its being. In order to know its interior life, it is necessary to penetrate to its soul through its literature, its philosophy, and its arts, for in these are reflected the ideas, the passions, and the dreams of a whole people."

The art which the American people have seized upon with the greatest avidity is Music. It has entered every phase of social and individual life. It is a means of enjoyment in moments of leisure, of personal expression, of popular education. From the rude folk ballad of the mountaineer to the super-refined exhibition of learning and skill in city concert hall, it meets every shade and degree of taste. It allies itself with poetry, the drama, and the cinema, with religious ceremony, with every occasion in which enthusiasm is to be aroused in the cause of social enterprise. This art, beloved of all men in all ages and climes beyond any other medium for expression in beauty, has had a growth in our country in esteem and practice which none of the other arts have equalled. The rapidity and extent of this growth is a matter of common observation: it is only those directly concerned who are fully aware of the place that music has gained in the large movement of public and private education.

Fifty years ago there were only three or four in-

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stitutions of collegiate rank which allowed a place to music in the established scheme of instruction, and in these the musical courses were scanty and without means of making their influence felt in the life of the institutions which barely tolerated them. Since that time college after college has fallen into line, and only a few now resist the current that sets toward the universal acceptance of music as a necessary element in the higher education. In almost all of these the classroom work is reinforced and inspired by the college orchestra and chorus.* When I was a schoolboy there was hardly a single teacher of music in the public schools of the whole country who was properly trained according to present-day standards; but now scientific, standardized methods have been worked out by specialists, and there are fully fourteen thousand supervisors and teachers who are working in accord with them. The concert system, which has grown to enormous proportions, must be reckoned one of the most stimulating educational influences now at work in our land. I can remember the time when there were not half a dozen orchestras in the United States capable of playing a Beethoven symphony to the satisfaction of a trained musician. There was only one—the old Theodore Thomas orchestra of New York—that made regular concert tours.

* A complete account of the growth and present condition of music in the colleges and universities of the United States may be found in *College Teaching*, edited by Professor Paul Klapper, published by the World Book Company, New York.

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Among the uncounted legion of private teachers of music, the quality of the instruction is constantly rising. Old methods are being overhauled, many discarded under the scrutiny of a more rational psychology. Especially is this the case in regard to the training of children. States have their associations for annual meetings where the experiences of practical teachers are reported, criticised, and compared. National societies — such as the Music Teachers' National Association, the National Conference of School Music Supervisors, the Guild of American Organists, the National Association of Negro Musicians — meet every year to discuss learned questions of musical theory and practice and to report progress in their several fields. Famous teachers carry on summer schools. Music-school settlements thrive in our cities, bringing the sweet influences of art to those who are unable to seek beauty in their lives of toil. Wealthy philanthropists found institutions for teaching, for performance, and for the provision of financial aid to gifted students.

The public feels the tremendous impact of these swelling currents of musical culture, and millions hear the works of the great composers performed by orchestras, choruses, opera companies, and single artists with a perfection that has never been surpassed in the world's history. No other age or country can show a similar phenomenon equal to this in its magnitude and suddenness, and appreciation grows with opportunity.

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Thus we have developed and endowed musical instruction on an enormous scale. It has produced an immense increase of intelligent interest in musical art; it has multiplied audiences, it has marshalled a host of pupils and practitioners, it has provided the financial support by which performers and teachers are permitted to flourish. It has not stimulated creative genius to any remarkable degree; but this is no cause for discouragement, for the history of music tells us that the unknown currents from which great original works issue first show their existence in a musical awakening among the people. Great intellects, it has been said, are not isolated peaks, they are the summits of ranges.

The vast extension of musical interest in America is a ground for pride, but it must be confessed that a great amount of it is superficial, and in its effects transient. It is impressive in its quantity, but a serious mind asks what is its qualitative value. What is this enormous diffusion of musical inquiry and performance doing to broaden, deepen, and enrich our life? Music is a strange, mysterious art; it surpasses all other arts in its power of giving expression to the most urgent yearnings of the soul, and also of flattering vanity and ministering to vulgarity and sensationalism. More than in any other art do the complexity and fascination of technic become self-sufficient to the multitude of its devotees. The spirit of music is concealed by its materials.

To uncover the spirit of music, to declare its

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meaning and aim in the emotional life of the individual, is the purpose of criticism. In speaking of criticism, I mean exposition, demonstration, influence of every kind by which the mind of the hearer is awakened. I mean all the influence by word of mouth or example on the part of teachers, performers, and advocates, as well as the written word in books, magazines, and newspapers. I mean everything that aims to establish an appreciative connection between the spirit of the receiver and the spirit of the musical work and its composer. I plead for a liberalizing of criticism by which those who assume to act as guides to musical understanding shall avoid dogmatisms, prejudices, and special advocacies, and turn criticism into a living, creative current, running in co-operation with all human progress in thought and feeling. It is the higher business of the critic not to pass judgment upon the efforts which he observes in the musical world around him, but to understand them, learn if possible their direction, discover what makes for health in them, and aid the beneficent tendencies to gain more and more of self-comprehension and self-determination.

The critic himself must always be advancing. Says Ludwig Lewisohn: "Fixed standards are useless to him whose central passion is to have men free." Actuated by such a motive, the critic remains always a student, striving to know not only more of his subject, but also more of the constitution and operation of the mental faculty to which

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art distinctively appeals. He does not so much presume to tell his hearers what he thinks they ought to feel, as to awaken in them desires for what will give them a keener sense of beauty, to show them where they will find the achievements and ideas which will help them to think more clearly and feel more nobly.

In the growth of this spirit in the criticism and exposition of recent years, the words "knowledge" and "judgment" have lost some of their prestige, and the word "appreciation" has become dominant. Books on the appreciation of music have multiplied — books intended as first aid to the layman who never intends or hopes to become expert. The writers point out the elements in composition and performance which seem to them significant. They aim to enlarge the sum-total of enjoyment. They feel themselves, as one of them says, "showmen." The wisest among them repudiate the principles of those doctrinaires of an earlier school who conceived, like the orthodox in other fields, that to tie opinions firmly to certain traditional hitching-posts was the true function of criticism. The preaching of the new school of the apostles of beauty has allied itself by implication with the motive of Anatole France, whose comparison of himself as critic to the "good Alsatians" of Hohwald, who placed rustic benches "at every point where the shade was most grateful, the view most extensive, nature most engaging," has become the guiding thought of those critics who believe it their duty as well as

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their pleasure to praise more than to condemn, to discover what is fresh and vital in whatever guise it may appear and to sharpen like perceptions in their readers, to maintain the honor of the past and at the same time to encourage every deed or movement that seems to enlarge the domain of human expression.

Unfortunately, however, the term "appreciation of music" has been applied too narrowly. It has been assumed that it means acquaintance with the forms and rules of composition and performance, its method analysis, its tests the ability to answer questions in collective examinations. It is the system dear to the pedagogue acting under the duress imposed in academic circles, which seek to standardize disciplines rather than to cultivate intuition and expand emotion. Against all such cramping limitations this book is a protest. It endeavors to show that the effort of the student and lover of music should be to cultivate in himself a spiritual receptivity which the manuals of musical form and the ordinary textbook of musical history do not seem to recognize. The author's hope is that it may be an awakening influence, since it is the result of an almost passionate search for the ultimate source of that love and veneration for music which has been constantly growing through a long life filled with rich experiences, both harsh and tender. That this love and reverence should not only survive but steadily increase proves to his mind that the art of music has its roots in a spiritual reality.

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It is profoundly an art of expression, although the place and the nature of the thing expressed can only be felt and believed in, not demonstrated. Music, like religion, is a personal matter, not one of forms, institutions, and ceremonies. What is it to *me*? is the question; and what am I, and what should I become, in order that music, like every expression of the spirit of beauty, should perform in me its blessed work in aid of my striving toward an unattainable perfection? I trust that the arguments and confessions in the pages that follow may help some faithful votaries of music to realize how stable are the grounds of their assurance, how salutary are the ends they seek.

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CHAPTER I

A NEW PROBLEM AND ITS HISTORY

I

THERE is a saying current among those who have wandered to and fro in the earth that, while it is pleasant to travel, to have travelled is still more delightful. May not a similar conclusion be entertained by one who looks back over what has been poetically called the journey of life? To the majority of us wayfarers, the experiences of each day are apparently insignificant. There is no sense of adventure or even of progress. The goal is not in sight, and even the direction we are taking is unknown. We know that we have no continuing city, but where our next lodging may be, or what its furnishings, is a subject only of conjecture. We seem the sport of accident rather than directed by any guiding purpose.

But long before the terminus is reached, the events of the past adjust themselves into a coherent order. Relationships and tendencies are disclosed. So logically do the episodes fit into one another, that we are forced to believe that our ends have been shaped by something outside our blind attempts at determination. Memory begins to act when there has been sufficient space for retrospect,

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and the rambling incidents, falling together into coherence, disclose themselves as a drama, with consistence and logical development. The one-time actor surveys from the other side of the footlights the events and their resultant emotions in a sort of calm detachment, almost from an impersonal point of view. How one's sense of responsibility dwindles in such a contemplation! How the old regrets, and satisfactions too, fade and seem to lose their importance along with their decline in vividness! Yet in this objective scrutiny, as we might almost call it, a new interest arises. Seen as a whole, our life takes on form, proportion, order. Reflection works over the stuff that memory supplies, sorting out the incidents and arranging them in their proper places in the movement of the plot, dismissing as irrelevant, episodes which had seemed of vast moment when they occurred, making pivotal points of others that we had supposed trivial, so handling the various factors that our pilgrimage appears no longer as a discursive ramble, but as directed by an idea.

The extent of our share in the world movement we cannot know. It may not seem very important to the universe, but it is important to us. At the least, it may be a source of amusement, even when it affords no very great pride. There is no doubt that a traveller's tale gives even more pleasure to the narrator than to his hearers. The grandfather is encouraged in his bedtime stories as much by the inward glow of reminiscence as by the applause of

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his small auditors. The most fertile author of romance is Time. He has an unrivalled knack of transmuting the commonplace into poetry. A man is weak indeed in power of idealization who cannot see some æsthetic charm in the semblance of his past existence, however little it may have contributed to the common weal. It is only a Macbeth, a criminal who realizes the uselessness of his crime, to whom life is "a walking shadow; . . . a tale told by an idiot, . . . signifying nothing." The results may have been slight, hardly worth recording, but every life, if it has been pursued with honorable purpose, affords material for satisfaction in the backward survey. To a wholesome mind the grievous episodes have lost much of their pang; the joyous and exciting incidents still retain their flavor, and in many cases have gained, as old pictures are enriched by the mellowing touch of time. On the whole, one may fairly contend that to have lived is even pleasanter than living.

The pleasure of having lived is greater if the events which we review have been joined with larger movements that have been of importance to some portion of the human family. There is much consolation if we believe that the progress to which we contributed will go on after our brief spell of activity is ended. No sane mind lacks the social instinct; we love to be shareholders in some fine enterprise, still more to have a seat in the board of managers. Every one can understand the pride of the wise Odysseus, when he could say to those who

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hung upon his tale of the overthrow of Troy, that he was a part of the great deed. So when we have aided in any beneficent human service the events are our events; we find ourselves more completely in the contribution we have made to some product which extends beyond our individual term of life. The have-lived reaches over into the shall-live; our past activity is seen touched with immortality. We lose nothing of our personal consciousness when it is taken over into the enveloping consciousness. The imagination gains a broader sweep; our sense of force, so feeble when isolated, takes on a sort of grandeur when it is seen to have been allied with other volitions moving to great issues. To be a partner in some momentous intellectual or moral effort is exciting at the time of it, when its bearings are still in doubt; to look back upon it when its benefits have become secure, and to be able to say, "I was in the fight," is one of the supreme satisfactions of life.

II

These reflections naturally come to me as my mind runs over the extraordinary development of musical education in this country during the last half-century. Latest of all its phases, and certainly not the least in importance, is the effort to promote musical culture as distinct from skill and erudition, to awaken a wide-spread musical desire, and to make intelligent acquaintance with music an element in popular education. Musical instruction,

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down almost to the present generation, had performing or composing as its sole purpose, the performing, in the vast majority of cases, consisting of a delicate and transient accomplishment on the part of young women. But at the present day, and especially in this country, musical instruction is taking thought for those whose share in music consists in reception rather than production. It has discovered that even in hearing there are faculties to be trained, and that a large, intelligent public is one of the conditions of real artistic progress. Music proclaims itself anew to be what it was in ancient times, and is among primitive peoples all over the earth to-day — a universal possession and a minister to a common need.

And so we see a great company of musicians, music lovers, educators, and social workers, in colleges, universities, public schools, private classes, women's clubs, social settlements in the cities, and rural community organizations, working zealously to extend the love of music both in the high places and the byways, and to pervade the common life with its beneficent influence. This appears as a philanthropic, a missionary enterprise. It unites enthusiasm for art with the social passion. The term generally chosen to designate this department of study is "musical appreciation." It considers the interest of the hearer purely as hearer. It seeks to enhance the amateur's pleasure by enlightening him in regard to the mysteries of this peculiarly recondite and evasive art. It invites into a new

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world of imagination those whose ordinary pursuits forbid such stimulating excursions. It aims to revive what William Butler Yeats somewhat despondingly calls "the lost art, the subtle art of listening." It also (and this is a benefit not so frequently recognized) throws its influence back upon the musical profession, quickening the zeal, enlarging the vision, elevating the motives of those whose vocation, in its very nature, too often confines their thought in a narrow round of technical routine. It discloses to professional, amateur, and occasional hearer a broader conception of the significance of music as a fine art. It calls for seriousness and reverence, as in the presence of a divinity. It endeavors to bring to light that mysterious something which employs combinations of sound for its expression, and makes it live to the sense in its physical beauty, and to the spirit in its revelations. It brings the mind of the student and the casual listener into sympathy not only with the genius of the composer but also with his humanity. It enlarges the hearer's conception of the world life by revealing to him new depths in his own.

It is plain to one who lives in the practice of music that these secrets are often hidden from the technically wise and prudent, and that the very difficulties which encompass creation and performance interfere with the childlike, open-minded surrender which is the condition that music imposes upon those who would become devout members of her household of faith. In the large system of in-

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struction of which I am speaking, the technical problems, once solved, find their proper place. Music comes to the many as a means of culture as well as of immediate enjoyment, not as a science which is the practical concern of the few. Something is offered that musical science alone cannot give. Science is used, but only as a means, and when the end is attained the science withdraws to the rear. This teaching assumes that every intelligent person may add to his pleasure and his discriminating judgment without the heavy toil of analysis and practice, while at the same time it gives him the results of analysis and contrivance in forms of expression suited to his understanding. It makes plain to him the social and historic values of musical art, as well as the value to his individual self. It likewise takes the practitioner or the student out of his hard-beaten track, sets him free from the limitations within which his specialty seeks to restrain him, invites him to find common ground with the untrained lover of beauty in the pure, disinterested reception of the joy which the spirit of music confers upon her disciples. This is musical appreciation—feeling and knowledge united with feeling, the perception of beauty, and the eager response to beauty, final and supreme.

III

In the chronology of this educational movement, instruction in the appreciation of music was pre-

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ceded by instruction in the history of music. Text-books of musical history date back fifty or sixty years, while such titles as "musical appreciation" are among the most recent in the booksellers' catalogues. This is the reverse of what would seem to be the normal order of succession. One would say that it is more natural to be interested in the significance of things that are near at hand than in things that are remote. No doubt it is so with the average man, but pedagogic tradition stands in his way.

In the usual courses on art, for instance, the instructor starts with Greece, or, if his theme is painting, with the Italian Renaissance, often stopping before he reaches the art of the present, perhaps because his time is exhausted, or, more probably, his stock of information. Thus it may happen that the student will know a good deal about Phidias or Raphael (that is, he knows what others have said about them), but of what it is that makes a good painting different from a bad one he has very little notion. Literature also is frequently taught after this manner and with similar result. But in the latter days a light has broken upon the promoters of musical knowledge. They have discovered that the plain facts of musical succession, and discussion of the work of composers who are no longer heard, furnish very little nourishment to the music-loving mind. There must be the living witness of music itself, and it must be a matter personal to the receiver. Increase of knowledge without increase of love is vain.

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Love of music comes only with vision of its beauty, and beauty lives only in sound and in what some poet calls "divine forgetfulness"—in this case forgetfulness of everything that hinders free admission to the feeling heart. The problem under the new enlightenment is to impart knowledge and quicken love at the same time, using each as both cause and effect, and so musical theory and analysis and history become inspired with a more humane motive. With this has come a livelier consciousness on the part of musicians and students of the true relation of music as a fine art to the collective life of the race and the emotional life of the individual, and this consciousness has been carried over to a great mass of music lovers. This vision of musical truth has aroused a new enthusiasm in pedagogical ranks as well as among the half-hearted public. It has shown its liberating power in the teaching of musical theory and performance, burning up in many fields the dry stalks of pedantry. Nowhere is its benign influence more happily shown than in the reform of the old methods of starting children in the musical life. In the public schools the extension of the idea of the universal value of an intelligent love of music, as distinct from special skill in performance, has kindled a new enthusiasm among teachers and pupils alike, and has converted parents and school boards to belief in the importance of music in the early shaping of mind and character.

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IV

This experience has taught many educators in other fields that an influence designed primarily for pure enjoyment may at the same time add to the worth of life. Perhaps this is one cause of its wide diffusion. But whatever the motive of the "new education," the thing is here, to stay and grow. It commends itself to conviction as soon as it is known. It began to attract public attention, we may say, somewhat more than thirty years ago. To find its visible points of departure, we must look at the efforts of one or two prophetic spirits, who saw a popular opportunity. At the risk of slighting the merits of other pioneers, I take pleasure in paying the honor that is due to Edward Baxter Perry, who united with a fine literary culture and distinguished skill as a pianist the zeal of a missionary, and performed inestimable service in arousing by means of oral commentary thousands of music lovers to a realizing sense that music is not merely a joyous experience for the moment but a strengthening food for mind and spirit. Although Mr. Perry's talks sometimes encouraged reactions more strictly applicable to poetry than to music, they must be held to have had real and permanent value, for what concert audiences needed then, as they need to-day, was a lesson in the deeper emotional significance of music — to be drawn from the interpreter to the thing that is in-

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terpreted — and this Mr. Perry accomplished by means of imaginative suggestion. He was critic and executant in one; he stirred in the minds of his auditors mental activities similar to those which the music aroused in himself. He put a multitude of minds on the alert and stimulated further curiosity by proving that pleasure is increased by reflection. To him all music was the expression of a reality which also seeks utterance in language and form and color, and if he sometimes seemed to carry music over the bounds which the other arts claim as their exclusive domain, the occasional confusion did no harm, for it was more than balanced by the reverence for music as an utterance of the human spirit which he inculcated.

William H. Sherwood, a pianist of still greater executive powers, took up Mr. Perry's innovation and, although he could not be compared with the latter in range of thought or grace of speech, his "lecture recitals" served a good purpose by showing his hearers many elements of musical value which they would not otherwise have perceived.

About the same time such men as John K. Paine at Harvard, Frederic L. Ritter at Vassar, Karl Klauser at the Porter School in Farmington, Conn., and William S. B. Mathews in Chicago offered instruction to their classes upon the history and æsthetics of the art, indicating the place that belongs to music as a factor in liberal education. Professor Ritter's "History of Music," published by Ditson in 1870, although now superseded, de-

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serves the grateful acknowledgment of those who, like myself, owed to it their first interest in music as a world-historic art.

The brief outline by John C. Filmore (1888) did equally useful service for a time, and many were the apostles of the new gospel who set forth bravely upon their mission, provided only with this slender manual of doctrine for their guidance.

These writers were voices crying in a wilderness, path breakers for an enterprise at first so inconspicuous that very few of the chiefs of musical administration in this country were aware of the movement that was gathering before their eyes. An experience of my own will illustrate the ignorance of the wise men of the profession in regard to a desire that was smouldering in the minds of the music-loving public, ready to break forth when the air was admitted. While engaged in the 1880's in an adventurous occupation as a musical promoter in a city of southern New York, I began to supplement my labors as teacher of piano and organ by formal discourses to pupils and their friends on the lives and works of the great composers. These expositions were not very erudite, but perhaps they served their purpose even better than profounder efforts would have done. At any rate, they were kindly received. Flattered by this encouragement, I conceived the notion that my fondness for historical study and a moderate degree of practice in handling the king's English might serve me in more systematic endeavors to develop the interest

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of my constituency, and perhaps also open to me a larger field of expository activity.

Fired by this ambition, I confided my hope to my former harmony teacher in Boston, the late Stephen A. Emery, whom I knew to be an exceptionally intelligent and broad-minded musician, expecting to receive a confirmation of my belief in a waiting harvest, accompanied by something like an apostolic benediction. Mr. Emery's reply was to the effect that there was no demand for lectures on music in this country, and no sign that there ever would be. I shivered for a moment under this cold douche, but soon rallied. I had not at that time read Stevenson's essay, "Crabbed Age and Youth," with its inspiring call to defiance of the maxims of middle-age prudence, but something within me scorned Mr. Emery's warning. His statement of apparent conditions was true enough, but his conclusion from them was wrong. I soon learned, as I have been often reminded since, that an intellectual or moral deficiency in one's environment is no reason for faintness of heart in face of it, but precisely the contrary. (I commend this observation to timid ones whose lot may be cast in an unmusical community.) Mr. Emery's well-meant attempt at discouragement simply stimulated the spirit of contradiction with which nature, in her benevolence, endowed me at birth, and in a few months I was off for Europe with the intention of giving a solid year at least to the exclusive study of the history of music. Why I did this with no

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encouragement in sight I have often wondered since. There are hidden forces that shape our ends, call them divinity, as Hamlet does, or premonition, or what you will. Since intuition goes farther than reason, I may have been touched unconsciously by a current already running in the subconscious musical life of America. At any rate I was just in time.

A good deal of water has run under the bridge since those happy days of youthful bravado, or, if you please, of inspired insight. So popular has become the subject of which I am speaking, that I am almost inclined to think that a music teacher who does not lecture will soon be looked upon as a curiosity. The universities and colleges have established chairs for research, critical exposition, and dissemination. Children just beyond the kindergarten stage hear of the two little Mozarts on their concert tours, and of the child Handel stealthily practising on an old harpsichord in the attic at midnight, in defiance of his philistine father's prohibition. Between these two grades — the college and the primary class — are the public schools with their thousands of trained instructors, the conservatories, the private classes, and the women's clubs — most zealous of propagandists. And so throughout the land the musical lecture flourishes, and the good seed of musical understanding is scattered abroad.

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V

It is difficult to tell which exceeds the other, the demand or the supply. Both coincide with a corresponding activity in the publishing houses, from which issues a stream of books on musical history, biography, and criticism for which there was but small inducement a generation ago. I know of no symptom more encouraging to those who believe in music as an instrumentality in national welfare, and are striving to establish musical culture on solid intellectual foundations. It furnishes a sufficient answer to those dismal prophets who see little except the inane and vulgar popular dance and song, carrying the people of America headlong to musical perdition. The spread of fine music among all classes, the multiplication of enthusiastic teachers and promoters, and the desire of intelligent people to appreciate as well as to hear, have no parallel in respect to rapidity among the nations of the earth.

Whatever the case may be at present, at the beginning the supply of teachers of musical history and musical appreciation was ahead of the demand. An intellectual need is never spontaneously felt by the crowd; they are conscious of it when they are aroused by a few enthusiasts who have caught a vision. The light of the sunrising strikes the mountain tops first, then the valleys. It is like a religious revival. But when the need has seized upon a general consciousness, it spreads like a

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contagion. Since in the present case, however, scholarly preparation must be relatively slow, the demand soon overtook and passed it. But the demand did not pass the supply, you understand. It is delightful to see how enthusiasm, which is in no wise dependent upon scholarly preparation, took fire among the ranks of the students, and a swarm of young and ardent spirits rushed into the virgin field. It would almost seem as though the Macedonian cry would cease because the helpers are so many and so near at hand.

But the matter is not so simple. A curious situation arises. The supply has become large, but what about its quality? Who are these confident volunteers who ask the public to accept them as instructors in this vast and difficult subject, and what are their credentials? This aspect of the situation is almost unique in the field of education. Schools and even colleges show us teachers as young and immature handling subjects equally profound, such as history and English literature. But they are college graduates, and they have "majored" in the courses with which they are engaged. So far as they go they are specialists. In the department of musical history and appreciation there are hundreds of young experimenters in schools and colleges who are teaching a subject for which they have had little of the training that is required in every other branch of academic learning. Just as in former days the colleges looked to the ministry for their supply of professors of Eng-

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lish literature, classic languages, history, and the scanty science of the time, because the clergy were the educated class and trained specialists were scarce, often assigning several branches to one incumbent — so now we see men and women employed as teachers of the history and criticism of music whose study has been almost entirely that of performers and musical theorists. And, what is still more embarrassing to them, their labors in this department are commonly a mere appendage to the main work of their lives — a piano or harmony teacher leading a class in the history of music for a couple of hours per week — and as a consequence they are forbidden time or opportunity to make up their deficiencies. Subjects which require for their adequate treatment a very high degree of learning, philosophic grasp, and skill in presentation are assigned to instructors whose chief interests are elsewhere, whose stock of knowledge is meagre, and who lack the schooling and the literary ability that are needed to seize the relations of the facts of musical development to one another and to human life, and stir their hearers to a happy recognition of the beauty and significance of their theme. Imagine Professor John C. Van Dyke, of Rutgers, or Professor Frank J. Mather, of Princeton, required to give drawing lessons several hours a day, or Professor Brander Matthews, of Columbia, giving a quarter of his time to lecturing on the drama, and the other three-quarters to correcting “daily themes.” Such absurd instances would be exactly

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parallel to the condition we find in respect to the history and criticism of music in many of our institutions of learning. The result is that a great deal of what is taught as the history and appreciation of music is not that at all, but only the raw material, and very raw and insufficient material it often is.

In one respect my imagined parallel fails — there are no Van Dykes and Woodberrys lecturing on music in our colleges. Pity it is so, for the work of men like Rolland and Parry and Spitta and many others of equal distinction in the field of scholarship is sufficient evidence of the intellectual energy which musical exposition invites. It is not that we do not possess in this country musical critics of brilliant and solid attainments. We have them, but they are not called to professorships in the colleges and universities. The reason is that music is not taken seriously by the directors of higher education in America, as it is taken in Europe. "Man," says Combarieu, "is a being of faith, imagination, and sentiment. That is why music, like religion and poetry, holds so great a place in the history of civilization." Our college presidents and governing boards know nothing of the place that musical art holds in the history of civilization. They have been forced by the push from outside to give music an entrance, but (with some honorable exceptions) they assign it a casual and subordinate place, in most cases tolerated because it has a scientific side, the claim that is least considered being the beauty,

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the mental enlargement, the emotional culture and uplift which it offers. I am reminded of a president of a prominent Eastern college who inquired, when it was proposed to add courses in musical theory to the curriculum, if there was enough in the subject to occupy a student for a term. Another distinguished educator criticised a leading college because the title of professor was given to a master of the art of piano playing. "If you had a department of manual training," he asked, "would you give a professor's title to one who taught box making?" One must admit in fairness that ignorance of this density is less abundant in college governing boards than it was a few years ago, but that such questions could ever be asked by leaders in education shows that formidable obstacles to musical culture exist in the very places, above all others, from which they should be absent.

The teaching of music, therefore, of the kind that I am considering, does not yet offer a career to a man of scholarly and literary tastes who is also drawn to the musical life, to such an extent that he dares to turn his concentrated effort in that direction. Hence it is inevitable that the teaching of the æsthetic and historic values of music must for a time remain largely in the hands of those who are inadequately prepared, and whose subsistence depends mainly on other accomplishments.

Far be it from me to speak scornfully of those devoted ones who are striving, so far as their means allow, to kindle the flame of beauty and its

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appreciation in those institutions where, in all charity be it said, the blessings of such evangelism are sadly needed. All honor to them as path breakers and apostles. It is no fault of theirs if they do not yet measure up to the highest possibilities of their calling. "She hath done what she could" was an encomium which carried with it no qualification. Wisdom on the part of any one who has advice to give requires a kindly consideration of the situation as it exists, at the same time suggesting motives and methods by which music in our land may be still more honored of its children, and its alliance with every means of culture be confirmed.

The difficulties that are encountered by the teacher of musical appreciation are not to be faced with a light heart. The subject is vast and bewildering. I well remember the fervent ejaculation of the accomplished scholar with whom I studied in Berlin many years ago, when he advised me to carry on the pursuit of musical history as a vocation. I shrank from it. "The subject is so appallingly great," I said. "Ach, ja," exclaimed Doctor Langhans, raising his eyes toward heaven, "enorm!" And "enorm" I have found it to be. Only one who has taken many soundings in this sea of learning knows how deeps open below deeps.

And yet our young volunteers need not flinch before the threatening prospect. Support may be found in the thought that the tyro's contribution, small and feeble though it be, is often just what is

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needed at some particular place and moment. If the young adventurer waited until he became a Parry or a Riemann before he ventured forward, his corner of the world would remain in darkness. Pope's maxim, often quoted with approval,

"A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring,"

is positively immoral in its chill repression of virtuous impulse. As well say: A little goodness is a dangerous thing; be a saint or else be given over wholly to depravity. Modesty is an admirable trait, but I will not say as much for timidity. A certain amount of audacity may properly accompany enthusiasm. Courage and faith give impetus; they are sorely needed at the outset; one cannot have too much of them in facing the endurance test, which is, when all is said, the crucial one, on which the prizes of life depend.

VI

I have turned away, you see, from the college and university situation, in view of which certain inadequacies were deplored, and I am casting a glance of affectionate sympathy upon a host of novices whose scanty outfit calls forth no reproach and gives no occasion for words of discouragement. There is no inconsistency in this double attitude. There is a field of service in the public schools, in

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the musical clubs, in private circles of pupils, and in what have been called the "musical jungles" of America, as urgent, as fine in opportunity, as in the higher institutions where large attainments are needed. Humanity everywhere is athirst for music. It might justly be called a holy cause, requiring a spirit of consecration. No teacher, whatever his intellectual rank, is superfluous, provided that he realizes that humility and a right understanding of the nature of his problem are as necessary as zeal. All honor to those young people, recently released from the music school, or without music school training, who feel an ambition to increase the love and comprehension of music in their chosen communities, as well as to add to the special proficiency of a few. They are light bringers wherever they go. Their light, even though a feeble glimmer, is in reality an altar flame. As they tend it with sincere devotion, its rays warm as well as illumine, and as time goes on, stream farther and farther into the darkness. These young teachers are envoys of beauty, and beauty always bestows her blessing upon even the humblest of her ministers.

It is my belief that while our young instructors have, subconsciously at least, the right purpose, they often fail to accomplish it because of error in their method. The fact that the new movement began with musical history created a tradition which the novice felt bound to follow. The first textbooks were histories, not guides for the enrichment of daily musical experience. The simplicity

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of the method first employed commended itself to class leaders who had hardly more experience to rely upon than their pupils. Merely to require the class to memorize and recite the facts as given by Filmore or Ritter was certainly following the line of least resistance. Such simplicity is now generally outgrown, but in many quarters a formal, mechanical procedure still holds sway. Teachers and students and textbook compilers still miss the value of music, which is to be found in its very nature as an art which, like all art — and more than any other of the arts — finds in the feeling-nature the ultimate place of its activity. The forms and the technic, the machinery and the externals, the bald facts of biography and history — these are the things which are, often exclusively, emphasized. The enumerating, analyzing intellect which, as we need constantly to be reminded, can never comprehend life in nature or in art, is made to do the whole work, and the intuition, the imagination, the feeling-nature is disregarded and even intentionally disowned. That is the error of the average music history and treatise on form, or at least of the manner in which they are used. Not content with their service as preliminaries, in which they have a certain value, their employers give the impression that they are sufficient. They do not see that without the inward witness to beauty and the personal appropriation of the composer's message, historical and scientific facts are worthless. They are worthless because by themselves alone they do

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not stimulate life. The teacher's business, I think we all must agree, is to help prepare the eager, joyous, personal acceptance of music as a living reality. Through tones, arranged according to some principle of order, the soul of the composer speaks to the soul of the hearer.

Before the work of art began to take shape, there was something unheard calling for utterance out of the soul of the composer — something corresponding to the unheard call in the soul of the listener that was to be. The response, when it comes, is aided by a knowledge which co-ordinates impressions, and the completeness and clearness of the reaction marks the degree of musical appreciation. But the co-ordinating knowledge is not the primary requisite, but, rather, the intuitive desire, the glimmering sense of need, of musical beauty. In respect of human relations, it has been said that in order to know we must first love. It is much the same in our relation to art. The first effort must be to quicken the feeling-power of the heart. Everything else, the intellect making its claim, comes in due time and order. Increase of taste, wise judgment in respect to relative values, passion tempered by reverence, gradual enrichment of life by absorbing the creations which are noble expressions of life — this is the aim, and it should be seen as the goal at the very beginning of musical study. There is no need to wait until a number of historical and technical facts have been crammed into the memory. Events and names and places and dates and

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external conditions which serve as practical agencies of musical progress; forms and technical appliances which direct our mental movements along the lines marked out by the composer's invention — these have their necessity in the acquisition of a complete understanding of musical art in itself and in its attachments. But as constituents of enjoyment on the part of the music lover they are only subsidiary. I am not discountenancing them, only trying to find their proper place in the program. The chief function of historic data is to guide us to the places where the significant music is to be found, and to become, as it were, its contemporaries, with a contemporary point of view. The chief value of biography is to give music a human interest in addition to its value as an immediate æsthetic experience. Our sense of historic and biographic values in works of art must be the genial outlook of the ancient poet, who confessed that since he himself was a man, nothing human was alien to him. It is not enough, however, that a musical work should have only the interest of a document or a link in a chain of merely formal succession, for if so its relation to us is purely impersonal and external. It is not enough that the composition should shed light upon social or individual relations, being subsidiary to them; on the contrary, it is the work itself that calls for explanation, and the background or environment is of importance to us, only as it makes the work more intelligible and brings it nearer to our sympathy.

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A significant piece of music is an expression of life, and if we feel it rightly it links our life current with the currents of other times and other men. For human feeling changes little from age to age; it is the manner of its expression that changes as feeling strives to realize itself more clearly.

CHAPTER II

HOW TO FIND THE SPIRIT OF MUSIC

I

EVERY work of art, whether it is music or poetry, or whatever it may be, is a *feeling*, as Byron said of "high mountains." By feeling, not by intellect, is it known for what it really is in its meaning and purpose. Strange that this truism should need constant repetition. "In æsthetic criticism," says Walter Pater, "the first step toward seeing one's object as it really is, is to know one's own impression as it really is. What is this song or picture, this engaging personality presented in life or in a book, to *me*? What effect does it really produce on me? Does it give me pleasure? And if so, what sort or degree of pleasure? How is my nature modified by its presence and under its influence? The answers to these questions are the original facts with which the æsthetic critic has to do. . . . Our education becomes complete in proportion as our susceptibility to these impressions increases in depth and variety." * Whether these principles cover the whole ground of art appreciation or not, they are principles which must ever be held in

* *The Renaissance: Preface.*

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mind in one's own study, and in dealing with students from the lower grades to the higher. Even the child must be an "æsthetic critic" in this sense, however slightly and unconsciously. Unless pleasure is received, the piece of music or the picture has not done the work for which it was made. The increase of susceptibility to impressions must be the aim of this phase of education. At the same time there must be continuous addition of objects that produce these impressions, affording ever larger scope and interesting variety. The student must be kept in the actual presence of beautiful things, distinguishing each in his thought from other things, as possessing a peculiar and individual quality. If he feels the delight which a certain work is competent to afford, he is educated so far as that particular work is concerned. He may then forget his book information. His loss will be small in proportion to his gain. It is not what he knows about a work, but how he feels toward it, that is of consequence.

We have the statement of a high authority in such matters that the appreciation of music is one of the most difficult of all subjects to teach. Perhaps so, but the consolation is that it is one of the most delightful. Who cares for difficulties when the overcoming of them is a joy? Now, why is the teaching of the appreciation of music so difficult? The teaching of skilful baseball playing to boys is difficult, but not the *appreciation* of baseball. The teaching of beautiful dancing to girls is difficult,

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but not the *appreciation* of dancing. What is the difference between baseball or dancing and music in this respect? You say that the love of dancing and ball playing is natural, innate in all healthy girls and boys. Well, is it not so with music? In all children there is a germ of musical feeling, waiting to be developed. Some teachers succeed in killing it, but it is there, a gift of nature's benevolence. All savages, even the lowest, have some kind of musical feeling and practice, just as they have some kind of religion. The parallel I made just now is closer than it may appear at a glance. Every boy loves baseball, but he does not always at first appreciate *good* ball playing. Like the average "fan," he naturally most admires a slugger. He needs to be taught that some quiet-appearing short-stop or third-baseman, who always does the right thing, with unfailing accuracy and in the shortest possible space of time, is the true artist in his profession.

The teaching of the appreciation of music, if it is to be successful, does not busy itself with abstractions. Neither does it bring to the pupil's mind something that comes as an utter stranger. It helps something to grow and bloom which was already in the soil. It uses musical works that are suited to the present capacity and helps the pupil to see new beauties, and new styles, grades, and qualities of beauty. Just as the right teaching of the appreciation of poetry to young people does not consist in discoursing upon the theory of poetry

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after the fashion of the æsthetic philosophers in their systems, nor in setting the pupil to analyzing poems on the basis of metrics, philology, and grammar, with the aid of copious notes, nor in assigning him textbook readings on the history of English poetry from Cædmon to Tennyson. None of these alone, nor all of them together, ever encouraged a love of poetry in any human breast. To be sure, these methods are commonly used in schools and colleges, but those who make them the chief stock in their trade are disciplinarians and information grinders, whose minds are set upon research as the chief end of man; they are not evangelists of beauty. To inculcate an enthusiasm for poetry is no part of their intention. Poetry to them is not an end but a means. The victims of this method have received some barren sort of exercise; some go forth to forget it all, others to inflict in their turn the desiccating system upon the world. Those who desire to develop an intelligent love of poetry (which is also innate in all normal minds) will employ a very different process. They will strive to quicken the imagination, they will lead from that which is familiar and beloved to that which awakens new curiosities; they will appeal to the native sense of rhythm and melody, offering poetry as a music and a dance, gradually instilling finer recognitions of poetry in its relation to life, always keeping a little in advance of the pupil's present power of apprehension, until, without his knowing how, there has formed in his

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mind a standard, a delicate power of discrimination between what is refined and what is coarse, between what is noble and what is cheap and trivial, between what is fresh and strong and what is hackneyed and commonplace, between what is enduring and what is ephemeral. Many accessory aids will be employed — repetition, explanation of literary devices not at first obvious, borrowing of illustrations and suggestive associations, which will establish attractive relations between the ideas and imagery of the poem and the life with which the learner is already acquainted. So in music, the pleasure in some attractive composition leads beyond the particular instance to a more comprehensive view, and as the field of experience enlarges, the mind is insensibly fashioned into an instrument which responds ever more quickly and more perfectly in tune to the sound of the master's voice, the touch of the master's hand.

II

In music, in poetry, in all the fine arts, the right purpose and the essential method of those who assume the standpoint of the recipient as distinct from that of the creator or performer is the same, and the instructor in one art should be able to learn much from a wise instruction in another. Nowhere has that purpose been more excellently stated than in a lecture entitled *Esthetic Criticism*, by that great teacher of teachers, Professor George Edward

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Woodberry: "The most arresting trait of the artist-life, as one begins to lead it, is that it is a voyage of discovery. It is not truth that is discovered, but faculty; what results is not an acquisition of knowledge, but an exercise of inward power. . . . What happens to you when you begin to see, really to see, pictures, for example? It is not that a new object has come within the range of your vision; but that a new power of seeing has arisen in your eye, and through this power a new world has opened before you. . . . It is not the old world seen piecemeal; it is a new world on another level of being than natural existence. So when you begin to take in a poem, it is not a mere fanciful arrangement of idea and event added to your ordinary memory of things; new powers of feeling have opened in your heart that constitute a fresh passion of life there, and as you feel it with lyric and drama, a significance, a mystery, a light enter into the universe as you know it, with transforming and exalting power. . . . It is not that you have acquired knowledge; you have acquired heart. To lead the artist-life is not to look at pictures and read books; it is to discover the faculties of the soul that slept unknown and unused, and to apply them in realizing the depth and tenderness, the eloquence, the hope and joy, of the life that is within." *

The whole principle by which the teacher's method should be guided is summed up in a few words by Oscar Wilde: "The truths of art cannot be

** Heart of Man: Esthetic Criticism.*

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taught. They are revealed only — revealed to natures which have made themselves receptive of all beautiful impressions by the study and the worship of all beautiful things.” *

We have, I believe, found the clue. As the truths of art have been revealed to the teacher so far as he has made himself “receptive of all beautiful impressions,” so he is able in some measure to reveal them to his pupils through suggestion, through quickening the impulses which were in their minds before his arrival, and through offering them the supplies which those impulses were blindly seeking. He imparts not information, but life.

This is musical appreciation — direct, vital contact with the work of art, quick perception of the special grade and quality of beauty which it embodies, the ability to store it away in that particular receptacle of the mind where it can abide and renew its life in association with other impressions that follow. It seems simple of accomplishment because it obeys a natural process. And yet it is declared to be very difficult. Why, let me ask again, should it be difficult? One reason is that music exists only as it is performed. Any kind of performance is not always easy to provide, and a bad performance — always an imminent peril — perverts the work, so that a bungling execution of a Beethoven sonata, or a bad voice attempting a Schubert song, does not present the music as it existed in the composer’s mind, and an apprecia-

* *Intentions: The Critic as Artist.*

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tion of it in the true sense of the word is out of the question. Fortunately this obstacle, which was once in most situations almost insuperable, has been to a large extent removed by those beneficent inventions of recent years, the phonograph and the mechanical piano-player. In spite of certain unavoidable limitations, they have brought a large proportion of the world's best music within reach of the inexpert music lover, and so reproduced that its performance — with some practice in the case of the piano-player — is no mean substitute for first-hand professional execution. These inventions have also, sad to say! been efficient in disseminating the most lamentable musical trash, and it is a question in some minds whether the evil they have done does not balance their good. It does not, as experience proves. I confess to a belief that bad music does not make people any worse than they were before, while good music makes people better than they were before. At any rate, it is certain that the present enormous extension of the study of musical history and appreciation is largely due to these two wonderful devices, and when the occasion comes, the music teachers and music lovers of this country will show only common gratitude if they raise memorials to Thomas Edison and Henry Tremain.

III

The chief difficulty, however, in getting a musical work as it really is into the hearer's mind, lies in

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the very nature of musical art. Listening to music requires an extreme power of concentrated attention, under conditions quite unlike any others in the pupil's life. He hears sounds out-of-doors, but they are not musical sounds in the strict meaning of the term, and they are not organically combined into coherent forms. The process employed in listening to music exists nowhere except in music itself. The listener must hear tones in their relations, in simultaneous progressions and intricate patterns. This requires a kind of mental effort for which nothing in his ordinary experience has prepared him. Not only must he learn to use faculties in a new way, but he needs almost to be provided with a new set of faculties. This condition presents such a formidable obstacle that one who faces it for the first time might fall back in dismay and declare that a complete possession of music by the ear alone is impossible. Thanks to the marvellous adaptive powers of the human mind, it is not so; but one who undertakes to develop an intelligent love of music among young people must be aware of the real nature of the hindrances that are encountered by those whose perceptive and co-ordinating faculties have not been trained like his own.

Unfortunately, the young teacher at once comes under the influence of certain persons in positions of authority who try to persuade him that the difficulties are of the sort that are to be overcome by technical analysis, dry enumerations, and memory drill. Knowledge of form and of the rules of

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performance, necessary to some degree as a means of musical appreciation, is made the end, as though it were appreciation itself. The perusal of the average textbook of musical history or musical appreciation is a melancholy exercise for any one who really loves music. Ruskin has wisely said: "The arts as regards teachableness differ from the sciences in this, that their power is founded not on facts which can be communicated, but on dispositions which require to be created." The textbooks to which I refer are bent on communicating facts, perhaps in the vague hope that dispositions will be acquired from other sources. They throw upon the teacher the burden of discovering these sources, and the teacher, shrinking from this responsibility by reason of inexperience, lack of imagination, or it may be from indolence, resigns his independence in bondage to the textbook, whose author is often equally ignorant of the real significance of the items of information which he offers.

The fault really lies in narrow views of the nature of musical art as an expression and promoter of life, and of the place which it is prepared to fill in education. All the arts have the same origin, they express the same vital need, they contribute to the same self-realization. They reveal to man the ends to which the divinity that is in him aspires. They convince him of his degradation, while he is held in servitude to paltry material aims, and every true work of art is a signal of revolt and a step toward his emancipation.

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IV

Every one, therefore, who presumes to teach the appreciation of music should understand that music, like all art, is intended for the service of the spiritual part of our nature and not for the gratification merely of the intellect and the physical sense. Technic, form, historic and social accompaniments and conveniences, are the channels by which this spiritual power moves to play its part in human development. Without them it would lie unknown in the subconsciousness, or at most would be felt as a vague and uneasy craving. When acted upon by thought and presented to the sense, it appears in forms which are records of what is noblest in man; and more than records — prophetic hints and foreshadowings of developments which the purest and wisest of mankind have hardly yet attained. These forms are beautiful, not simply because of the pleasurable nervous sensations they afford, but because they are agencies of the spirit; the spiritual part of our nature feels instinctively the touch of the spirit which pervades them. The instant consequence is love to the work and to its fabricator, and with this love its purpose is achieved. Through love and through reverence for the intellectual and moral power which the work manifests, it takes its place among the influences which act for the building of character. It is in this way that the teaching of the history and the full appreciation of music becomes an important

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— I am ready to say an essential — factor in education.

These deep things can be imparted in the early years only in partial and fragmentary ways. They are not ordinarily to be talked about. They are conveyed by casual suggestion and indirection. They will come to the student imperceptibly, as a consequence, unnoted and unexplained, of a sincere and earnest attitude. There will be on the teacher's part a multitude of explanations, definitions, and he'pful accessory suggestions. The mind must pass through many concrete instances before it reaches the abstract. Music may mean many things. It may take hold of actual life at many points. It may often seem almost to take the place of narrative and picture. The technic of composer or player may be the object of study and admiration. But it must always be remembered that music is never a substitute for narrative and picture; that technic is skill directed to a further end; that music is supremely beauty and expression. Even the youngest child will feel that this beauty of music is something distinct from other beauty. It is "its own excuse for being." As for expression — a mystery which has not yet been sounded by philosophers can only be glimpsed by the child; yet the child is not to be made to think that there is no mystery. Little by little his slumbering feeling must be awakened, although he cannot know the nature of its cause.

Who of us all does know? The most that our

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intellect can do is to contrive the means by which the native power of music is set free, and then pass upon the worth of the experience.

V

The teacher's whole business, therefore, is to employ every available means to develop a growing love of music just for music's beauty, and to make that love ever more intelligent and discriminating. Now comes his most embarrassing dilemma. An *intelligent* love — what does that mean? It would seem that some works of art are worthy to be enjoyed by a serious mind and others are not; but who is to decide in the conflicts of opinion? It seems difficult to avoid certain moral implications: we feel with almost the force of a decree of conscience that a certain work is so fine that it *ought* to be enjoyed; that another is so poor that there *ought* to be no pleasure in it. But how can there be any *ought* in the matter? Right here we come to the edge of a morass in which æstheticians have floundered, and many have utterly lost their way. We long for standards that can serve us as stabilizers of judgment — principles that may be as highroads keeping us straight to our destination, lest we wander about in circles like those who are bewildered in the woods. But the more we consider the problem the more clearly we see that absolute standards of beauty do not exist. Dogmatic critics conceive standards fashioned out of their own tem-

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peraments and stiffened by the reactions of their intellectual environment, and they strive to impose these standards upon their readers; but they darken counsel, impede progress, sooner or later become an affliction, and the most arrogant become objects of scorn, like Lord Jeffrey, before whom the literary world of England and Scotland, in the romantic period, trembled. Not only lords of criticism but periods strive to create final standards, but to no avail. W. H. Riehl says that there is music which *once was* beautiful. We are also taught that there are no absolute standards of truth or even of morals. It may be so, and yet we feel that there is a final limit to license. Fortunately, we are not concerned with the absolute in appreciation or in conduct. However it may be in morals — with which I am not concerned — in art I hold to a pragmatism which declares that in the actual consequences of our belief we may hope to find a rule which will make for health and growth. There are estimates which have been formed by the interchange of convictions among those best qualified by culture and experience, which may be accepted for that reason until they are revoked. I know of no safer principle than this when it is liberally applied. When Mr. Robert Haven Schauffler, in *The Musical Amateur*, draws his lively comparison of Bach's Air from the orchestral Suite in D with a popular tune of long ago, now extinct, he is obliged to make certain assumptions in regard to the Air's rich simplicity, its no-

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bility, its content of faith and hope and love, its energy latent in repose, and all the other attributes which he ascribes to it. He cannot prove their existence to one who does not at once recognize them as soon as they are mentioned. This does not mean that Mr. Schauffler is expressing a merely arbitrary preference, nor that an admirer of the ballad tune he scorns is entitled to the same consideration as he. Certain works and certain principles are established once for all, so far as we can see. That they may conceivably yield some day to the eternal law of flux which underlies human judgments, as well as institutions, does not unsettle all our present appreciations. Bach may come in some remote century to be esteemed as less than Offenbach, but that possibility has not the slightest effect upon us as critics and teachers. We may agree with the philosophers who assure us that there is no such thing as absolute beauty, no eternal, unchangeable standard in any field of art, but the maxim *de gustibus non est disputandum* need not be carried so far as to lead us to distrust our belief that Schubert's songs and Chopin's Preludes are beautiful and always will be beautiful. That they are beautiful to *us*, that they are beautiful *now* to all to whom music has any meaning, is sufficient. On that and on other similar convictions derived from experience we can take our stand. In the field of art, as in fields of thought and action outside of art, there are principles available for our guidance, even though it may not be demonstrable that they

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are eternal laws. If it were not so, then art would have for us no meaning and no value.

The greatest caution, breadth, and flexibility of mind are needed in these practical determinations. The bane of all teaching is dogmatism. The teacher must beware of using his prestige for crowding into his pupils' minds opinions that are personal and temperamental. He may prefer Schumann to Chopin, but he has no right to assert that Schumann is greater than Chopin. His business is not to flaunt his own preferences, as though they were of interest to anybody; they are his private affair. His business is to help his pupils to see and feel the distinguishing merits of both composers. He may encounter in his pupils an enthusiasm for Tchaikovsky which he feels to be excessive, and wishes that he could arouse an equal enthusiasm for Beethoven, but he must remember that any enthusiasm which is not utterly perverted is better than indifference. Do not grieve if your class goes wild over a Liszt Rhapsody and gets fidgety during a Bach fugue. Youth always prefers sensations to ideas. The beginner in art, like the beginner in life, must be allowed certain follies. The way to steady him is not to lecture him, but to keep before him models of strong thought and clear vision, trusting them to exert a subtle, transforming influence in their own good time.

The test of value in art is provided by time. Works which, after long consideration, are approved by the majority of those most competent to pass judgment may be confidently accepted.

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Mr. Schauffler is on solid ground when he puts forward as final proof of the Bach Air's superior greatness, that it is still youthful and beloved after two hundred years. A work written last year may be its peer, but there is really no way of deciding whether it is or not. Dvořák's "Humoresque" and Kreisler's "Vienna Caprice" are still more popular, and if some one prefers them to the Bach piece he is not to be scornfully regarded. After all, comparative grades of merit may be pretty much left out of the account. Whether Brahms is greater or less than Tchaikovsky, or Hugo Wolf greater or less than Schubert, is unessential. Quarrels over the comparative merits of our favorites do not get us very far. What Brahms and Wolf and the rest actually did and what sorts of appreciation they call forth is the proper question.* Certain men and certain works have outlived dispute. There is no Beethoven question, or Schubert question, or Chopin question. There are certain types of mind that have no reverence for anything that the past has crowned with its laurel. Even George Washington still has detractors. But it does not matter. The teacher of musical appreciation who offers his class Handel's "Largo," and the Andante of Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony," and Schubert's "The Wanderer," and Chopin's "C sharp minor Etude," and

* When Mr. Ernest Newman, in his very informing book on Hugo Wolf, asserts that Wolf's Mörike songs are worth more than all the songs of Schubert, he is simply petulant, and wastes his ink. When he takes the Wolf songs one by one and points out special merits which he finds in them, he does us valuable service.

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Strauss's "Blue Danube Waltzes," and "The Last Rose of Summer," and other comparable treasures which have become enshrined in the hearts of all lovers of beauty in all lands and times, will be on safe ground. He must beware, however, of demanding that they be made touchstones by which newer works shall be tested for approval or condemnation. Debussy, and others still more venturesome in their departure from long-accepted criteria, must be allowed a free field. Neither in music nor in any other art is conformity to an orthodox standard to be made a test of truth. It is supposed that the French romanticists settled that point long ago, but every little while it seems necessary to fight for it over again. The question of value in art is not in its agreement with the practice of a former generation, or with the arbitrary decree of a self-authorized group or institution, but in its correspondence with certain instinctive requirements of the human mind. These evolve from period to period, changing their manner of expression but essentially unchanged in basis, directed by influences which rise under the constant push of spiritual life, whose nature and destiny no man knows, but which leaves established gains behind it as it moves onward to new conquests.

VI

The teacher of musical appreciation may be satisfied with the general truth of the prophecy just

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proclaimed, but practical questions of procedure will still confront him. Every course of instruction must follow some definite system, and his first impulse is to look to others for practical guidance. He naturally hopes to find the first aid which he needs in a textbook. There are textbooks in every conceivable subject — the schools would not exist without them — so why not in this subject as well? But disappointment sooner or later awaits him. The idea of a textbook in art appreciation involves almost a contradiction in terms. The teaching of musical appreciation consists, strictly speaking, in carrying the teacher's appreciation over to the pupil's mind, and awaking a desire and an expectation by contact. It is therefore itself an art. When the attempt consists simply in giving information, as with so many misguided teachers it does, then it is not art but science.

The distinction between these two processes — the inspiring and the informing — is found in the character of the gains. In appreciation of values, as distinct from acquaintance with facts, the gains are emotional and spiritual — gains in taste, sensibility, love and desire of beauty, refinement in perception and the impressions that follow, elevation of spirit, reverence for the noble purposes for which fine art exists: in a word, expansion and heightening of life. So conceived, the appreciation of beauty is not an end merely, but also a means. The motives which a complete teacher of the appreciation of art must possess run over into moral motives;

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the interests he deals with are social as well as individual. In an instruction that is so personal, so bent on affecting dispositions rather than increasing positive knowledge, any cut-and-dried method, should be looked upon with suspicion. There are educational subjects — the sciences and languages, for instance — in which the data and the consecutive steps are to all intents and purposes positively determined. The minds of the various students will work along essentially the same lines, and the results can be accurately tabulated.

But in the appreciation of art no two minds will work along precisely the same lines. They will so work if you simply require your pupils to learn a certain number of facts *about* art, which, I am sorry to say, is the method of many so-called teachers — but this can be done without any resulting appreciation whatever. Appreciation, which is love and pleasure, nothing less, has to be taken for granted. The teacher's aim is a cultural aim, and how can culture be discovered by examination questions and marks assigned for it? What he has to give is inspiration, and for this information is no substitute. He has no means of knowing the inner emotional bent of any one of his pupils. He knows that there are certain general aptitudes and needs of the human mind in face of beauty and art; upon these he directs his fire, in the hope that he will score more hits than misses. He learns not to depend unduly upon published texts and methods, but with the help that can always be obtained from

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the experience of others, his chief reliance must be self-reliance. He is every moment teaching himself as well as his class, and this makes the developing of taste in art in a class of young beauty lovers one of the most delightful occupations in which one can engage.

The test of a method of teaching is in its results. In the case of the appreciation of music the results lie in the amount and character of the pleasure derived. The question that concerns the pupils is not what happened in Leipzig or Vienna at a certain date, but what has happened in *them*. Not merely how this or that musical composition is made, but what is their experience when they hear it. Let the teacher ascertain, if he can, if his instruction increases his pupils' delight in hearing music. Does it make music a more beautiful thing to them, more honorable, more worthy of the respect of a serious mind? Does their taste for the finer things in music steadily grow? Do the great composers speak to them as friends? Are they made happier by their experience and better fitted to extend the domain of happiness in the world? Any art that does not do these things is unworthy of its name, or wrongly taught. The purpose of art is not to tell us more about the physical body of things or to embellish material existence; it is to create a new life of the spirit into which we may enter and find peace and joy there. Art is a symbol, an invitation from the unseen; by means of what is limited and concrete it stirs in us a sense of the universal.

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VII

A melancholy comment upon these principles is afforded by some of the current textbooks of musical history, and even some that purport to be guides to musical appreciation. They furnish much interesting matter — the one thing they conspicuously lack is the intimation that music is something that is beautiful. When all the pages have been laboriously conned, notes taken, and examinations passed, there often comes to the student, I fear, a feeling not of elation but of depression. The events and dates and technical descriptions are correctly given in the books and properly arranged, the parts are fitted together with precision, but somehow there is no charm, no inspiration in them. The soul of music does not shine through. Where has it gone? These treatises offer the form only, not a union of form and spirit. You say that it could hardly be otherwise in the brief and preparatory manuals upon which one must often depend. That may be, but the same is true of many larger histories and biographies. The defect is in a lack of imaginative insight, of a conception of the significance of art as expression of spiritual forces and an agency in the development of civilization; an inability to see in the composer not merely a craftsman but a living, rejoicing, suffering, and contending human being, a representative of humanity in its upward striving, one who produced works of art, not for the sake of self-glorification, but as the

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inevitable, irrepressible expression of the inward life he knew and the life for which he longed.

I admit the difficulty of the task. To write adequately upon music one must have not only a large store of exact knowledge, but also philosophic grasp, quick intuition, fine discrimination, delicate sensibilities, glowing enthusiasm, and a warm, poetic, stimulating literary style. I will try to be fair and admit that we can hardly demand all these virtues in a preparatory textbook. The textbook gives the facts; for a wide sweep of all their æsthetic relations and personal applications we can hardly ask.

It follows, then, that the teacher must supply much that the textbook leaves out. It is his business to make the dead facts live. He must bring them and the minds of his pupils into active, affectionate intercourse. That is to say, he must talk — talk right out of his own experience and fancy, bring to his class the messages which music has brought to him, not as a plodder in technical lore, but as a human being made up of desires and sympathies. It is not so difficult to talk. Any one who has some knowledge and much enthusiasm can talk well, for to talk informingly and out of conviction is to talk well. The personal equation counts immensely in teaching, especially in teaching art. A class that looks with indifference at a textbook will listen gladly to one who has lived the things he talks about. Of course the speaker must have the facts in his head, and inculcate a respect for them.

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A respect for facts leads to accuracy and mental lucidity. But there are more kinds of facts than one. There are facts of feeling as well as of knowing. "Facts are stubborn things," it has been said. "Yes," added a humorist, "and so are mules." There is often too much mulishness in the music teacher's facts. They are intractable and lead nowhere. Accuracy and truth are not exactly equivalent terms. One may stumble over facts and truth fly out of his reach. Accuracy is mechanical; truth is vital. The erudition of some people may be compared to the objects in an ornithological museum. They are interesting in a way, but they are dead. They were taken from their environment and deprived of their functions in nature's economy. They have been measured, classified, and stuffed. They are for purposes of identification. They are just "specimens." There was a time when ornithology was taught by means of these specimens, supplemented by readings in textbooks which were almost as dry as the mounted skins themselves. These books and preserved integuments are still required, but the student is also made to feel that a bird cannot be known unless it is alive and in its native habitat. So he is taken into the woods and fields, and the happy feathered creature is seen against a background of foliage and sky, and its sweet songs blend with the murmur of the wind. So ornithology becomes, as every study should be, a means of culture.

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VIII

It is on this ground that the study of the history of music is justified of its children. If it does not make for culture it is worth nothing. The teacher, in striving for culture for himself and for his followers, must rely largely upon books, but he should seek not only books of information but also books of inspiration. There is no mind so active that it does not need frequent stimulation and refreshment. There are books which combine information and inspiration. They are combined when Romain Rolland and Ernest Newman write on music. The light which James Huneker diffuses is, one is tempted to say, rather too much like discharges of fireworks, but it really illuminates as well as startles, and leaves a genuine genial glow behind. Purely literary men, such as Arthur Symons and George Moore, and the poets when they deal with music, release us from technicalities, and by the magic of words bring us face to face with the pure spirit of music, interpreting her message in terms of the longings and memories she evokes.

The books that profess to deal with the appreciation of music ought to supplement the bald information which the histories and biographies provide. Some of them do so, but a large proportion are merely treatises on musical form; they are not books of *appreciation* at all. One of the dictionary definitions of appreciation is "recognition of worth." Now what is the worth of a piece of

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music? Certainly it is not discovered by a mere cold analysis of its constructive design and the means employed in its presentation. Its beauty is not comprised in these things. That beauty is in the apprehending mind of him who hears it. It can be sufficiently described only in terms of feeling. Its worth consists in the power it has of exciting love, quickening the feeling-tone by means of the recognition of beauty. It is partly amusing and still more depressing to see how some of the writers of musical appreciation books, so-called, carefully avoid the very element which would commend the examples they cite to the affectionate welcome of their hearers. One author of a popular manual of this subject, introducing "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," one of the most pathetic expressions of faith and resignation that ever came from the hearts of the oppressed, is content to say of it that it is in the key of F, that it is built on the pentatonic scale, and that the strains of which it is composed go down and then go up. And this is called musical appreciation! In similar terms I might describe Schubert's divine "Ave Maria." I could tell the number of measures it contains, the names of the chords used in the modulations, the rhythmic form of the pervading accompaniment figure, etc., and thus gain official standing in the ranks of the pedants. Not being a pedant, I should tell my hearers the story of fair Ellen Douglas in Scott's "The Lady of the Lake," and try to bring them into imaginative sympathy with the maiden's

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fears, which drew from her this touching appeal for the Holy Virgin's protection. Then, if I could obtain a copy of George Moore's novel, *Sister Teresa*, I should read his description of the singing of this prayer by Evelyn Innes:

"The idea of a bell sounding across the evening landscape was in the mind of the congregation when Sister Mary John played the octave; and the broken chords played with her right hand awoke a sensation of lights dying behind distant hills.

"It is almost night, and amid a lonely landscape a harsh rock appears, and by it a forlorn woman stands — a woman who is without friend or any mortal hope — and she commends herself to the care of the Virgin. She begins to sing softly, tremulous like one in pain and doubt, 'Ave Maria, listen to a maiden's prayer.' The melody she sings is rich, even ornate, but the richness of the phrase does not mitigate the sorrow at the core; the rich garb in which the idea is clothed does not rob the song of its humanity.

"Evelyn's voice filled with the beauty of the melody, and she sang the phrase which closes the stanza so tenderly, so lovingly, that acute tears trembled under the eyelids. And all her soul was in her voice when she sang the phrase of passionate faith which the lonely, disheartened woman sings, looking up from the desert rock. Then her voice sank into the calm beauty of the 'Ave Maria,' now given with confidence in the Virgin's intercession, and the broken chords passed down the keyboard,

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uniting with the last note of the solemn octaves, which had sounded through the song like bells heard across an evening landscape."

Which of these two procedures is an "appreciation" of Schubert's "Ave Maria"?

Those of us who lecture on music are not expected to speak with "the tongues of men and of angels," as some inspired critics of literature and the other arts whom I could name might almost be said to speak. If we could it would be only a part of our business. But it is our business to keep constantly before our pupils the true aim of their art and of all art, to make them realize that their duty is to refine to the utmost their response to beauty in its most delicate and evasive as well as its most obvious and sensational forms, to vibrate to the lightest touch of art's searching finger, to remember that beauty in art is the form which the deeper soul life assumes when it comes forth into the light of day. Every piece of music is a state of soul, and we are to hear it with a thrill like that of the composer when his melodies first rose from the unknown source within him and sang to his inward ear. Mr. Arthur Machen makes the presence of ecstasy the test of fine literature. "I have chosen this word," he says, "as the representative of many. Substitute, if you like, rapture, beauty, adoration, wonder, awe, mystery, sense of the unknown, desire for the unknown." The test of music in its higher reaches is the same, and it is the test of our sincerity in the presence of great music. There is

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no ecstasy in counting the number of times that Beethoven repeats the germinal motive of the first movement of the "Fifth Symphony." The ecstasy comes as the tide of passion sweeps along and breaks in its prodigious climax. Henry Ward Beecher so loved the Andante of this symphony that he thought that if all other music were lost, out of this work alone the kingdom of sound might be recreated. Surely he had not counted the number of variations or analyzed the form of their construction. If some one had dissected the movement for his information he would probably have said: "That is all very interesting, but when I am in the presence of this music it is not that to which I bow my head."

I hope that I shall not be misunderstood in these comparisons. If I seem to abuse those who write dry treatises on form and call them "musical appreciation," it is not that I have any enmity toward these learned gentlemen. I simply wish them to keep their proper place, and not stand in my light when the spirit of music is trying to shine through the medium of sound which conveys it. Their side of the case is important, even necessary, and I am indebted to them for valuable information. They would be right in reproving me if I seemed even by implication to disregard the service of their contribution. I must not be supposed to believe that the lover of music has no need of the knowledge that belongs to science — that the so-called "impressionistic criticism" makes criticism of the analytic, objective, judicial sort entirely superfluous.

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The basis of appreciative criticism must be a distinct view of the work as it is, in the materials it employs, the interrelation of its parts to one another and to the unified whole, the character of the work as determined by the means by which it is performed and by the conditions that existed in the composer's environment. All this, and more in the same category, serves to fix the listener in the proper point of view and the right frame of mind for true appreciative feeling. To exclude everything but impulsive, unreasoning emotional ebullition at the very instant of hearing, not only involves omission of elements that are inherent in the very fact of art's existence, but it may also lead to over-valuation or to under-valuation, and often surrenders unconsciously to prejudice and a routine habit of thought. In many instances the critic is more conscious of his own delicate feelings than he is of the intent of the artist, which would be revealed by a more sober inspection.

This is especially the danger of the reviewer of a concert or a play whose impressions may be affected by circumstances that are trivial, such as bodily fatigue, good or bad news just received, the temperature of the hall, or the behavior of a neighbor. The reader must make allowance for such possibilities when he peruses a report of a musical or dramatic performance in a morning newspaper, especially when near the end of a crowded and laborious season. Many of the extraordinary discrepancies in the opinions of equally competent critics in re-

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gard to the same performance may be partly explained by physical conditions. Even in the deliberate views expressed in books and magazine articles, in which the critic measures a work in its relation to general principles, those principles are general only as he conceives them to be such, and his convictions, no matter how cautious and conscientious and erudite he may be, are to a large extent shaped by his temperament, early influences, technical methods, and the doctrines of the school of critical thought which he has at last come to accept. It was impossible that Hanslick should do justice to Wagner, or that Sir George Grove should not do more than justice to Mendelssohn. In the mind's eye of every critic there is a "blind spot," and there is also a spot where his vision of a certain kind of quality is especially vivid. Absolute impartiality, probably unknown in the critical world, is, after all, even if attainable, a doubtful good. Oscar Wilde maintains that a critic cannot be fair, because if he is so he is neutral. A scientific scholar may come as near to impartiality as the weakness of human nature permits, but the greatest scholar may not be the most helpful critic. The scholars help us when they teach us how to appraise the craftsmanship of the great composers, and when they picture to us the historic and social relations which give to music its significance as a factor in human development. A critic may serve us, even though he be the most partisan, partial, and impressionistic of men, if he helps

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us to develop elements of reverence, sympathy, and love through the exhibition of these qualities in himself. For my own part, I ask only that the criticism, to whatever class it belongs, should be affirmative rather than negative, accepting Goethe's maxim: "If you call a bad thing bad, you do little; if you call a good thing good, you do much." Prior's advice to the lover in regard to his sweetheart may well guide the critic before a work of art:

"Be to her virtues very kind;
Be to her faults a little blind."

Emerson asserts that the chief value which we as students get from other minds is not instruction, but "provocation." That is certainly what I demand from the critic. If he shows me beauties which I should not have discovered unaided by his keener observation and larger experience, if he gives me new enthusiasms and heightens enthusiasms I had before, if by his words I am led to more love and more joy, then he has done me a service which entitles him to my lasting gratitude, even though I see limits in his own appreciation and defects in his method. I only insist that he shall not claim the possession of authority, declaring what I must think and what I must enjoy. The criticism we read may be whimsical, paradoxical, and narrow, and still have use in our intellectual life; the criticism that is entitled to none of our respect is the so-called criticism that is dogmatic, intolerant, and arrogant.

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Both these forms may be classed with the criticism that is "subjective," because they offer us not the object in itself, but rather a personal reaction to it which is actually composed of private inclination which the object judged sets in motion. "Objective" criticism endeavors to follow the precept enunciated by Matthew Arnold, that the critic's business is "to see the object as it really is." The controversy between the two schools is old and will continue, but in the last resort it is evident that if to see the object as it really is means that in seeing it one must leave out all one's natural, instinctive personal feeling, taking literally Hamlet's advice to "hold the mirror up to nature," then it is evident that a strictly disinterested, unbiassed, objective judgment is impossible. Truly speaking, all criticism is more or less subjective. Every tradition, precedent, and rule is composed of elements, each one of which was at one time an impression and a conviction springing from within rather than derived from without. A multitude of agreements may at last establish a principle with which one may deferentially concur, but it is not an appreciation except as one feels it so directly that one makes it over into a constituent of one's own emotional nature. Not whether a judgment is true for some one else, or generally accepted at a certain time or by a certain group, however large, but whether it is true for *me* is the only question that vitally concerns me. And this truth is not derived from enumeration of technical elements, or

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from account of the external causes which have helped a work of art to come into being. Precepts and dogmas are evil if they check free self-determination. Knowledge is good, as it aids that determination and enlarges sympathy and love.

IX

With enumeration, technical analysis, historic and biographic detail, the expounder's task is not ended, as he often seems to imply — it is really only begun. The composer uses his forms and tone colors in order to realize to himself and to others some craving within him that was crying for release, and arouses in us something that brings us into fellowship with him in the pleasure of his creation. He discharges from his soul a burden that he knew and from ours a burden we did not know.

We are told that the composer has no utterance except through his peculiar forms, that he is in bondage to the material which his own mind creates, that in music we cannot separate the expression — the thing that expresses — from the thing that is expressed. Objectively these two cannot be separated — change a word in a poem, a line in a painting, and while the expression may be weakened the idea intended will remain the same; but change a phrase, or even a note, in a piece of music and the consciousness of the hearer has shifted its ground. I may admit that objectively the expres-

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sion in music and the thing expressed cannot be separated, but subjectively they can and must be. Before we heard the music there was something waiting in us to be expressed by it. "Music is what awakes from you when you are reminded by the instruments," says Whitman in the most pregnant remark on music that I remember to have read. It has long been a commonplace that education is a calling out of something already existent and offering it the means by which to grow. Thoreau puts the case well when he says: "A man receives only what he is ready to receive, whether physically, mentally, or morally. We hear and apprehend only what is already half known. The phenomenon or fact that cannot be linked with the rest which he has observed, he does not observe." I believe that in every normal human being there is somewhere, on the surface of the mind or buried deep, a susceptibility to music's charm. Occasionally I hear of men who affirm that they have no musical sense in them, and even that they hate music. I believe that they do themselves injustice. There are those like Charles Lamb, "sentimentally disposed to harmony, but organically incapable of a tune." They are bewildered by a maze of sound, tantalized by a rush of tones which demands their attention but, like hieroglyphs, offers them no clue. They will usually be pleased with a simple, obvious tune, especially if it carries with it some tender association. Musical education, if they would submit to it, would consist in building upon this foundation.

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The question is, How much of the intricacies of musical science should this structure contain?

The musical experience of Mr. Edward Bok, as told in his delightful autobiography, is instructive on this point. As a broad-minded man, acquainted with human life of the past, as well as of the present, he recognized the social and educational value of music, and was led to aid in its promotion in his home city from motives of general interest in the civic welfare. An inevitable consequence was the awakening of a wish to share personally in the pleasure which he contributed, and under the practical suggestions of certain musicians he soon became a musical enthusiast. All that was needed was that his natural inclination toward emotional expression, fostered by literature and representative art, should be made to feel that the purpose of music was in essence at one with these. Then with a little practical instruction in regard to the special ways and means belonging to musical art, before long a new appreciation was added to a mind already so well endowed with appreciations. A respect for something unfamiliar because of the honor paid it by authority which he as an intelligent and teachable man recognized, enough information to dissipate some of the bewilderment of ignorance, and the old defect was supplied. A simple process, and an example worthy to be followed by those who misconceive the difficulties in the way, and who, musically speaking, suppose themselves to be hopelessly in the bonds of affliction.

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Mr. Bok does not tell us that Mr. Stokowski and Mr. Josef Hofmann put him through a long course in musical analysis, or advised that he devote his spare evenings to the study of a series of treatises on form commonly entitled books on musical appreciation. The reason why they did not do so is that one does not get appreciation of music in that way. A vast amount of the information these books give has nothing to do with appreciation as distinct from the recognition of formal elements. Appreciation is a happy state of mind awakened by something that is felt as well as perceived. It is wholly a question of the value of that which is perceived. And the appreciation of values depends upon culture which is analogous to what religious teachers call a state of grace. A man might absorb all the book knowledge that the publishers could supply him, and his musical nature still remain unfed. Many babes and sucklings in these mysteries receive a benediction which is withheld from the wise and prudent. Excellent as are the contents of these treatises considered as scientific lore, as books promoting appreciation they bewilder by their profusion and seem to make of music a mystery to be expounded only by doctors of the law. Music is not a doctrine, it is an evangel. The one who receives it gladly does so by humility, simplicity, and openness of mind. The treatises I am considering seem to overlook the important fact that music is intended to be heard rather than seen. In the immediate presence of music in the concert hall, a

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large amount of their detail is superfluous if not actually a hindrance to enjoyment.

For let us never forget, men and brethren, that art exists for pleasure — the amount, character, and endurance of the pleasure being the test; or, if you want a more venerable expression, art is a means of mental and moral uplift through pleasure — “the quickening of the soul,” as Dowden has it. How much of your elaborate technical analysis increases the pleasure of the average concert goer? Those who write these treatises on form are men who are enamored of the theoretical side of music. Every professional worker is inclined to attribute a tremendous importance to his special occupation. So he ought if he is to do his full duty by his work. But those outside do not as a rule put his specialty on the same pinnacle. Ninety-nine out of every hundred music lovers care very little for the technicalities. They listen for beauty in melody, harmony, rhythm, and tone color, knowing little and perhaps caring less about the learned contrivances of construction, combination, and development by which these factors in their enjoyment are produced. The impression which they gain from a composition is a synthetic impression of the mood which the work awakens in their consciousness. It is an impression of the creation as a whole, not as a congeries of minute parts. We may say of clever technical contrivance as an object of interest to the hearer what Professor George Santayana says of fidelity to nature in painting: “We learn to value

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truth more and more as our love and knowledge of nature increase. But fidelity is a merit only because it is in this way a factor in our pleasure. It stands on a level with all other ingredients of effect. When a man raises it to a solitary pre-eminence and becomes incapable of appreciating anything else, he betrays the decay of æsthetic capacity. The scientific habit inhibits in him the artistic." *

Elsewhere Professor Santayana goes to another side of the question and seems to speak scornfully of those whose musical experience is summed up in "drowsy reverie interrupted by nervous thrills." But if one can disregard Mr. Santayana's contemptuous inflection, the words he chooses need not be considered offensive, even by those to whose experiences they are meant to apply. Into what other mood than reverie do we wish to be thrown by certain exquisite works of poetry, such as Keats's "Ode to a Nightingale," or when we enter a Gothic cathedral after the voices that had filled it are silent, or when the soothing harmonies of the enchanting Andante of Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" steal into our soul? And what else should we expect but "nervous thrills" in the stupendous climaxes of the great orchestral and choral masterpieces? We must, in a word, recognize the two sides of all art appreciation. The wise critic and teacher will know how to strike the right balance.

I am lingering on one phase of the question, saying what seems to me the thing most necessary to

* *The Nature of Beauty.*

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be said. If the ordinary hearer has been made to believe that musical appreciation essentially consists in a textbook knowledge of the structure of sonata and fugue and rondo, of the principles of harmony and counterpoint and theme development and all the rest of the esoteric doctrine of the adepts, he will be so occupied with his effort to identify the various ingredients of design that the unity of purpose and the emotional appeal will be lost to him. To use a common expression, he will not see the wood for the trees. The true purpose of technic is not to accumulate obstacles between the soul of the receiver and the soul of the artist, but to clear obstacles away. This is not done if technic and structure hold the attention fixedly to themselves. If you go out from a recital or a symphony concert with joy in your heart, and as the poor cripple in the story said, "walking the street a god," and cannot tell whether the performer had a remarkable technic or not, or whether the symphony was made or was not made according to the classic models, you have paid the performance the highest eulogy in your power.

To appreciate music, therefore, is to respond impulsively to the human element in it, finding there an echo of our own humanity. This element, in order to make itself intelligible, employs a language which it has devised out of its own peculiar needs. This language, like the language of poetry, has its rules, its inventions, its skill, its adaptations to varied purposes, its symmetry and proportion.

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This skill, this ingenious adaptation, it behooves the critic, as well as the musician, to know. But though we are able to follow every technical contrivance with intelligent admiration, we must not flatter ourselves that we have uncovered the mystery. The mystery is in ourselves. The beauty of music is a spiritual beauty, therefore a beauty to be intuitively felt, but not to be explained either to ourselves or to others. The recognition of this beauty is helped by knowledge, but its basis is not in knowledge. Its development is the development of the feeling-nature — that part of it that is attuned to music's special message, refined, enlarged, confirmed as a constant ingredient in our mental life. "Music is what awakes from you." It is a spiritual change, made evident and perpetuated in form that is delightful to the sense and satisfying to the intellect. The sense immediately perceives, the intellect discriminates and compares — the soul of music is apprehended by us only as we apply to it our emotional consciousness and interpret it in terms of spiritual faculty. These terms can be only approximately set forth in verbal language; they are essentially realized only by that part of our nature that is quickened by tone vibrations, as other parts are quickened by color or by visible movement. I am reminded of a saying by William Sharp (in which, please to note, when he says "criticism" he means also what we call appreciation): "When I speak of criticism I have in mind not merely the more or less deft use of commentary

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or indication, but one of the several ways of literature, and in itself a rare and fine art; the marriage of science that knows and of spirit that discerns."

The cultivation of "the spirit that discerns" is the supreme task of those who would educate the power of musical appreciation in themselves and in others. The books which I object to because they do not do what one may reasonably ask them to do are books on appreciation of form and technic, not books on the appreciation of music in the true sense of the term. "The basis of criticism is imagination," says William Sharp again. The textbooks of analysis and commentary leave little or nothing to the imagination. Their method is direct; the method by which imagination, "the spirit that discerns," the sense of mystery and emotional power, the inward response of soul to soul, are cultivated, is indirect.

X

There is perhaps no need of attempting to probe into all the varieties of the receptive musical consciousness. It is sufficient for my purpose merely to suggest them. For this I will borrow the classification of a trained psychologist, who has covered the ground experimentally.* After speaking of certain physical responses, including more or less

* "An Experimental Study of Musical Enjoyment," by Harry Porter Weld, *American Journal of Psychology*, April, 1912.

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conscious muscular movements, he classifies the mental experiences as follows:

1. A pleasurable emotion which is due to the timbres of instruments and voices, and to their nuances of tone.

2. A pleasurable reaction to the rhythms of the musical composition.

3. Pleasurable associations which are the product in the main of past experiences.

4. Pleasure derived from the play of imagery in the listener's mind, particularly resulting from that very singular and mysterious relation in certain types of mind between auditory and visual images.

5. A pleasurable mood due to temperament or to some expectation preliminary to a musical performance. On this double basis the music itself creates a mood which may be variously characterized as triumphant, yearning, confident, imploring, mournful, mirthful, elated, depressed, tender, suggestive of mystery, love, spiritual appeal, or any definite emotion.

6. Intellectual activity, which can best be described as an analysis of thematic, rhythmic, and harmonic structure, and instrumentation in the case of an orchestral performance, together with a keen observation of skill or lack of it in a player or singer.

In a complete, rationally appreciative hearing the first, second, fifth, and sixth types may be considered necessary. The third, while often involving a very tender and solemnizing mood, is exceptional

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and individual, not universally applicable. The fourth, I feel sure, should not be encouraged at all, except with children. A habitual visualizing habit implies a wholly erroneous conception of music's nature and position. Such a tendency is often wilful, arising from a belief encouraged by certain writers on music who, for some mysterious reasons, have adopted a theory which, it would seem, might have been refuted by the simplest examination of their own mental reactions. Mr. Weld has the true doctrine when he says: "Music is powerless to portray a definite picture in any uniform or universal sense, or to convey the same group of imagery into the mind of each of its auditors." It ought not to require the service of a psychologist to teach so self-evident a lesson. Even in the case of children a certain degree of caution should be considered in implanting ideas that must be eradicated a few years later.

These various types of musical experience are contained in two — the emotional and the intellectual. In the case of an untaught listener of strong musical temperament, the emotional reaction vastly predominates. He is uncritical in respect to sheer artistic merits; he "knows what he likes," but can give no reason for his liking. This is the attitude of the young. In my early youth my favorites were Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique," and also "What Are the Wild Waves Saying?" by Brinley Richards, and the "Monastery Bells." This joyous impressionability to all sorts and conditions, if carried

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through life, has its disadvantages; but as compared to the hard judicial pose of the absolutist critic, who suppresses his feelings lest they give him a pleasure which his rules do not justify, it is to be envied. It is a matter of common observation that with a theorist by profession the intellectual reaction will often overbalance the emotional, and sometimes nullify it altogether. "You critics don't seem to enjoy very much," a lady once remarked to me. I vigorously refuted the allegation as applied to myself, but I could not justly blame her for her too hasty generalization. It is true that a long habit of analysis and a stiff adherence to a rigid standard will at last assert itself in every musical experience, and check the impulsive joy which goes with youthfulness of spirit. "The extreme representative of the intellectual or analytic type," says Mr. Weld, "is coldly critical." He gives a concentrated attention to every minute element of contrivance on the part of the composer and of execution on the part of the performer, and at the end he passes judgment from the purely technical point of view. Too often he misses a joy of which no one, not even the most erudite, need be ashamed.

XI

We have, therefore, two groups of faculties to be trained. The methods employed in both vary. In respect to the intellectual training, the process is definite and explicit. The textbooks give ample

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direction. For the emotional training there are no textbooks and cannot be. The method is the same as it is in the education of an appreciation of poetry and drama and sculpture and painting. One difference between the training of the intellectual appreciation and that of the emotional appreciation is that in the former the student confines himself to the study of the particular art in question. It is in technic and medium that the arts are sharply divided from one another. One can learn nothing of musical structure by studying the composition of pictures or the metrical systems of verse. On the emotional side, however, everything that quickens the sense of beauty, that helps to form the habit of looking for beauty, that makes the senses more delicate and the soul more sensitive to the appeal of personality through art — this opens up ever new values in each several art and in all the arts. Only recently have teachers of music realized such relationships in the promotion of musical culture, but now this value is recognized everywhere. It is one of the most noticeable facts in present-day musical discussion. The most intelligent musicians see its bearing upon the development of the faculty that underlies musical expression. As a random illustration out of possible hundreds, I take the statement of the director of the piano department in a newly established music school: "In all these courses there is another point that we emphasize, and that is the definite source of aid to be found by the teacher and musician in the other arts, and

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bearing directly upon his own. All our studios have been adorned with some splendid examples of the old and modern examples of painting, and it is excellent to point out to the pupil the actual parallel between the form, light, and shade, plastic outline and correlation in rhythm to be found in all arts. Thus, laying stress on architecture, on sculpture, on painting, as well as on his own music, we give the student the freedom and inner fund, which enables him to draw from a far wider artistic experience in the fulfilment of his own work."

The only incompleteness in this excellent programme is that it seems to lay the stress on technical parallelisms. But such a practice will inevitably stir the sense of beauty also, through indirect and unconscious channels, and can be trustfully left to itself.

XII

The one who pleads for the stimulation of the emotional nature, as a protest against its too common neglect, need not be suspected of ignorance of the danger that lurks on this side also. Vagueness, sentimentality, shiftiness of impression, speedy loss of definite recollection — this is the common result of a lax surrender to desultory sensations. No other art, except dancing, offers equal temptations to such mental vagrancy. It is on this ground that many severe thinkers are inclined to discourage musical indulgence, except, it may be, in the

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intervals of strenuous occupations. It may be said in passing that providers of music are often responsible for such depreciation by encouraging an indifference which the devotee of no other art would tolerate. In music at receptions, music between the acts in the theatre, organ voluntaries which the congregation is never taught to consider as related to the service, music is conceived simply as a pleasant disturbance of the atmosphere by which conversation is encouraged. When the professors of musical art treat it with levity, those outside the circle can hardly be blamed for doing the same.

Over the entrance doors of the concert hall of Leipzig are carved the words: *Res severa verum gaudium*. There is indeed a certain severity in the joy which an earnest mind wishes to derive from art. In the cultivation of it the music lover will try to discover principles to which he can moor his judgment so that it will not drift about aimlessly upon shifting currents. In this search he will be led to those modes of form and structure and technic which separate music from the other arts, and in their skilful application distinguish the strong music from the weak. These principles have become codified into laws, and being laws they are applied and expounded by the intellect. He finds also that in these very forms and in the technic by which their rhythmic components are made audible there is beauty — the beauty that inheres in variety, contrast, support, and symmetry. But for the emotions of tenderness and ecstasy, of rev-

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erence and humility, which are the ultimate guarantee of value, there are no statute laws. Here each listener is thrown back upon himself. It is wholly a personal matter. There is no eloquence to the hearer in these wonderfully constituted forms, or the pianist's super-refined touch, unless his own heart is eloquent.

How to cultivate this eloquence of heart, without which all the learning of the schools remains outside the true life of art, is the first and last and lifelong problem. Once realize this and the first great step toward genuine appreciation is taken, never to be retraced. Never retraced unless some benighted pedant succeeds in turning you back. It would seem that a gleam of light must touch even the pedant's mind when he sees that many an untaught listener receives not only a sweet delight, but also a moral uplifting, that is beyond anything that he himself ever experiences. That such is a fact of common observation is easily explained. Every work of art is a symbol. It suggests more than it literally describes. The one who truly sees or hears it is in some degree clairvoyant or clairaudient — he sees what is invisible or hears what is inaudible. Something that was already slumbering in his soul awakes to self-consciousness, and is found to correspond to some mood or vision that was striving for utterance in the artist's mind. In a picture by Corot we see not only the morning light quivering among the willow branches — indeed, we see only an imperfect suggestion of that;

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what we see in reality is the love of Corot for this revelation of what is to him beauty and tenderness. If we have not a love like his we do not in very truth see the picture at all. In the grandeur of the closing measures of "Tristan und Isolde" we hear not merely a calculated effort to portray Isolde's mystical exaltation, but Wagner's ecstasy when seized by the conviction of the power of love to triumph over the dark forebodings of death. And more than this. "There is one leading principle of art," says Doctor P. T. Forsyth, "which it has with the most spiritual religion. The content of art, being in the nature of inspiration, must not be limited to the direct and conscious horizon of the artist. It is of no private interpretation — even when the artist himself expounds." * A question is sometimes asked: Did Shakespeare intend all that the commentators find in his works? It is a foolish question. Certainly he did not. Neither did Leonardo, nor Michelangelo, nor Beethoven, nor Chopin, nor Wagner. Every great artist is the mouth-piece of an oracle; like the sibyl, he obeys the divinity because he cannot do otherwise — he does not know why he is shaken or the full purport of his message. When the hearer is seized by a similar ecstasy he is near to the truth. When I read Colonel Robert Ingersoll's rhapsody over Wagner's music, he confessing that he does not know the name of one note from that of another, while I believe that he would have found a certain advantage if he had

* *Religion in Recent Art.*

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owned some of the lore of the schools, at the same time I would not have had him exchange his tumultuous rapture for the dry self-satisfaction of one who is busied with identifying the ninety or so *leitmotive* in "The Ring of the Nibelung." In art, as well as in religion, the "truths that never can be proved" are the truths we really live by. When in listening to Beethoven's "Ninth Symphony" we are caught up into a region of light and splendor; or when in hearing Schubert's "Serenade" we are transported into the warm, starlit, perfumed summer night, and there arises a call to the one beloved in which longing and worship are magically blended, it does not greatly matter if we are unaware of the contrivances by which the composer puts his passion into logical form. What the enlightened listener hears in the tones is something that issues from depths which no verbal analysis — not even the words of poetic inspiration — can ever reach.

XIII

Thus, with a wisely balanced adjustment of intellectual values on one side, and emotional values on the other, the wise teacher and the conscientious student may confidently pursue their way to a synthesis that does equal justice to both factors. Now comes a question of priority. I agree with those who assert that enjoyment should not be delayed until after the critical inquiry has been made.

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Hamilton W. Mabie maintains that the power of feeling freshly and keenly is the first consideration. "One may destroy this power," he says, "by permitting analysis and criticism to become the primary mood, but one may develop it by resolutely putting analysis and criticism into the secondary place, and sedulously developing the power to enjoy for the sake of enjoyment." One must feel the immediate and obvious beauty, he declares. "The surprise, the delight, the joy of the first discovery, are not merely pleasurable; they are in the highest degree educational." The perception of beauty and power must be direct and spontaneous, absorbing the whole consciousness. Analysis, criticism, judicial appraisalment, he believes, should come afterwards.*

This belief is reaffirmed by Mr. Robert Frost, who is both an admirable poet and an inspiring teacher of literature. "I don't want to analyze authors," he says; "I want to enjoy them. I want the boys in the classes to enjoy their books because of what's in them. Youth, I believe, should not analyze its enjoyments. It should live. Criticism is the province of age, not youth. They'll get to that soon enough. Let them build up a friendship with the writing world first." I do not understand Mr. Frost as excluding the exercise of judgment, even in the young. For he says a little later that he will let the students read what they wish, "and then we'll have some fun in their telling me why

* *Books and Culture.*

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they made their choice, why a thing called to them.”*

In the case of music, as well as of literature, there are doubtless times when this method may be reversed, and the hearer be aided to hear with more fulness by means of some preliminary statement. But such statement should not be confined to the mere mechanical form. In this respect we make a distinction between the art works that exist in space and those that exist in time. If we lead a student before a picture, the first question is, What do you see? — not What do you feel? But a piece of music exists only as it is heard. Now and then we find a musician who prides himself, according to his own story, on getting as much pleasure from silent score reading as he does from hearing. This assertion leaves out the sensuous element altogether, reduces the emotional to a tame admiration, and takes no account of the creative contribution of performance. It is palpably absurd. As well may a man who sits at his radio set listening to the announcer's story of a distant football match say that he gets as much excitement as one who tensely watches the game from the bleachers. Hearing in music is primary, not secondary. The recognition of structural and technical values, however swift on the part of a trained musician, is reflective, not immediate and spontaneous. The beauty of music is sound beauty; the aim of composition and performance is to produce what Arthur

* Interview in the *New York Times*.

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Symons calls "the miraculous vision of sound." The pleasure to be found in this wondrous gift is what we look for in music, and this gratification should be sought at the beginning as well as at the end of the instruction. For it is a sad fact that if this frank, impulsive joy in sheer beauty is deferred to the end it may not come at all. Why should any one be interested in the structure or date or occasion of a musical work if it is not beautiful to him? A musical theorist or historian may, but it is too much to ask of a youthful novice, or of an amateur of any age. But when the beauty of a piece is recognized and enjoyed, there will very naturally arise a desire to know how the beautiful impression was produced, because a knowledge of its workmanship and æsthetic properties will show that expression and form are in all but the simplest tone successions interdependent, and the sharpening of the faculties of observation and co-ordination will increase the pleasure by disclosing new elements of beauty otherwise concealed. There will also follow an interest in the history of the work, if it has a history, and in the character and life of its composer. So I say to the teacher, let your first business be to provide pleasure and awaken curiosity; after that your way in "history" and "appreciation" will be clear. The whole procedure must be directed toward love — ever more love — love first, last, and always.

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XIV

Strange, is it not, that this needs to be said. It sounds like a truism, but how often is it disregarded by those who represent literature and art in the places of academic instruction! Poetry teaching, falsely so-called, in which the body of poetry is anatomized, and the invitation of its soul unheeded; speculations upon the nature of beauty instead of seeking the companionship of beautiful things; histories of art which offer enumerations and bald sequences instead of tracing art's relation to the spiritual life from which it emerged — how much of this is inflicted upon those who would fain enjoy but who are bidden instead to prepare for examinations! Matthew Arnold protested against the excessive amount of time spent on philology in the teaching of the classic poets. He said that a critic might have too much erudition — I suppose because he would often be unable to resist the temptation to display it. I remember how in college days I crammed Greek grammar for recitations, and what a serious matter it seemed to me. But where is it now? I know that there are such things as aorists and enclitics, but what they are I have not the faintest idea. But the pathos of the interview between Achilles and Priam, the tenderness of the parting of Hector and Andromache, the sublime description of the passing of Ædipus, the heroic devotion of Antigone — these have remained through all the years, ineffaceable possessions of

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my heart. "The best poetry is what we want," says Arnold; "a clearer sense of the best in poetry, and the strength and joy to be drawn from it." It is the same with music. How shall we find the best, and draw in the "strength and joy" of it? We shall study it in diverse ways, according to the circumstances and the facilities that are given us. The great requirement consists in awaking in the mind the musical instincts that are always slumbering there, and leading them out of the state of instinct into that of consciousness and right knowledge. Then will be found the joy as well as the strength which the composers have put into their melodies. First and foremost as the means to this end is the immediate presence of the works of the masters. It is the concrete example, Arnold insists, that we must ever have before us.

XV

My discussion of the large and difficult problem of developing an appreciation of music may have seemed one-sided. I intended it to be so. I hope that no one will suppose that I wish to disparage musical analysis, technical exposition, and musical history. I have been teaching them for forty years, and I am not such a renegade as to deny them now. It certainly aids the estimation of a musical work of a past age to form a picture of its historical social setting, to discover the reactions between the composer's impulse and his environment. It is

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something like a friendly act also to seek to find the composer's personality in his production, thereby welcoming it as a message from a human being of like passions with ourselves. Art is not merely an excitant of moods, it is also a testimony. It increases our sympathy with our fellow men by helping us to know them. The study of form and technic likewise needs no justification; it aids in guiding the music lover along the paths which direct his feet, so prone to aimless wandering. He need not go far into the intricacies of harmony, but it is good for him to know enough to induce him to listen harmonically. He should be familiar enough with the principles of good performance to prevent indifference to universally acknowledged faults — to enable him, for instance, to realize that the supreme merit in piano playing is not in mere loudness and speed, and that a singer's *tremolo* is never anything but an unpardonable offense. The power that knows and the power that feels are not divided. There is knowledge in emotion and an element of feeling in all knowledge.

To increase the love of music and the joy that comes from it must be the constant aim, but not less imperative is it that the love should be given to that which is worthy to be loved. An untrained, unreflecting love is erratic and insecure. It must be capable of intelligent comparisons. One who does not see the superiority of Chopin to Moszkowski, we will say, will not grasp the real value of either. Perception of relations, association, dis-

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crimination among the various shades and degrees in the composer's and performer's means of expression — these are affairs of studious deliberation, and can be taught. The knowledge of these matters is always needed, but the importance of it hardly needs to be emphasized. The multitudes of textbooks and drill masters have taken good care that they shall not be slighted. But what does need to be proclaimed with a loud voice, especially in the haunts of pedagogy, is a warning against the excess of emphasis upon technic and form, as though the appreciation of music lay wholly in their charge; against putting formal knowledge above feeling, analysis above intuition, information which can be stated in words above the spontaneous happy response which brightens the eye and quickens the pulse with the gladness that waits upon beauty.

XVI

It has often seemed to me not only that most musical students do not get the joy and uplift that they ought to get from music, but that the same is true of many professional musicians, especially performers and teachers. Yes, and critics too — most of all, perhaps, the musical critics, particularly those of the arbitrary, judicial school who approach every work with a set formula in accordance with which it must be measured and assigned. And is not the reason to be found in the fact that the pro-

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professional is over-conscious that he has a principle to guard and a function to perform; that his vocation is a business with business returns; that he is not a freeman in his spiritual domain? Moreover, the executant or the teacher is continuously occupied with the scientific, technical, routine side of his calling, so that it becomes a weariness, instead of a joyous, liberating, refreshing activity. It is with him as it is with the official administrators of the other arts. The business of teaching art and literature seems often to check the springs of love for art and literature: the student of poetry in school or college does not always find that his textbooks and teachers succeed in making poetry a burning and a shining light in his soul. Too often the contrary. Take the spirit of play from poetry and music, and you have the same result as when it is taken away from outdoor sports. Is not such a result an absurd as well as a lamentable conclusion? Art is meant for joy. Its business is not only to enlighten the world and to express and stimulate the nobler powers of the soul, but also to add to the happiness of the world by means of beauty and the sympathetic fellowship and pure communion of heart with heart, which a love of beauty held in common always fosters. When this joy and harmony do not come, there is something wrong either with the conception of art or the method of its presentation. The remedy, I believe, is always at hand. When we find our art becoming a prosaic, mechanical operation in our personal experience or in our

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teaching, let us have frequent periods when we lay aside our theories and our erudition and surrender in careless abandonment to the lighter touches which will beguile us out of our professional solemnities. Let us sometimes cultivate the amateur spirit, which is the spirit of wayward, uncritical enjoyment. "Except ye become as little children ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven." So it is with the kingdom of art. Let us sometimes listen to music as we listen to the liquid-sweet song of the wood thrush; look at a painting as we look at a rainbow lifted in triumph against the dark mass of the rain cloud; read a poem as we read a loving letter from a friend. Let our hearts go out in adoration when the glory that is in tone and color and ennobling thought and entrancing dream is revealed to us. And let us not be content to live in our special art alone, but draw into our minds the quickening influences that are offered in literature, in the arts of representation and design, in science, in the records of human struggle and achievement, in the myriad aspects of earth and sea and sky, in lovely human faces and compassionate human voices. All these arouse to higher activity the inward life of which music is the finer effulgence. For the faculty of music does not stand alone; it is a manifestation of the soul, and like the soul it is the union and harmony of many secret forces. Let us always strive to extract from music the utmost of its sweetening and refining power, listening ever to its divine solicitations. In a word,

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let us cultivate love while we are bent on intelligence and proficiency. For love, as Saint Paul discovered, is more serviceable than much knowledge in the mission of apostleship, and what is an emissary from the courts of music — a music maker or a music teacher — but an apostle of joy and beauty, ordained by the laying on of mystic, invisible hands?

The tale I have been trying to unfold may be summed up in one stanza of Tennyson:

“Let knowledge grow from more to more,
But more of reverence in us dwell;
That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before.”

CHAPTER III

CREATIVE EXPRESSION IN PLAYING AND SINGING

I

IN the multitude of discussions upon musical performance which we read in books, magazines, and newspapers, or hear in conversation, we usually find two factors specified or implied; namely, expression (or interpretation) and technic. The inference is that there is a distinction between the two. Yet again and again we find critics who seem to maintain that these two terms are equivalent. Edward A. Baughan writes: "There should be no talk of technic apart from expression. . . . Unless a man is prompted by insight and emotion to utter the ideas of other men supremely he will never attain to any considerable technic."* This seems to suggest that terms applying to technic and to interpretation are interchangeable. "Technic," says Oscar Wilde, "is really personality. That is the reason why the artist cannot teach it, why the pupil cannot learn it, and why the æsthetic critic can understand it."† Here again technic is used with an implication which does not accord with

* *Music and Musicians.*

† *Intentions: The Critic as Artist.*

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the common acceptation of the term. Technic "is the art itself," says Havelock Ellis. On the other hand Arthur Symons, writing of the performance of a famous pianist, says: "He can do on the piano-forte whatever he can conceive; the question is, what can he conceive?" And speaking of a great violinist he says: "He seems to me the type of the artist, not because he is faultless in technic, but because he begins to create his art at the point where faultless technic leaves off." * Behold how wise men contradict each other! The explanation is that Symons does not use the word technic in the sense in which the others use it; and it is also certain that Symons employs the term in accordance with the general usage. To Symons, Paderewski, for instance, would be more than a consummate technician, and the fascination which Paderewski exerts upon his audience would be something more than deliberate, conscious contrivance. Symons would agree with Wilde that the magic of a true artist lies in his personality, but he would not, like Wilde, speak of it as technic.

We need not be disturbed by these variances of the critics. We need only to understand them, as we can easily do when we perceive that it is all a matter of definition, and when we talk about technic let us be clear in our mind what we mean by it. If we say with Ruskin: "Technic is only skill," we mean one thing. If we say with Wilde that "technic is really personality," and cannot be taught by the

* *Plays, Acting, and Music.*

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artist or learned by the pupil, we mean another thing. In the first sense, the frequent expression "mere technic" means something; in the second sense, no one would ever use the expression, for it would imply a contradiction in terms.

If it is asked which significance we ought to adopt, it is not easy to answer. One is more illuminating, more inspiring, because it raises the discipline involved upon a nobler plane. The other is more convenient in ordinary parlance because it has definite boundaries. In the one connotation the word technic enters into the class of such words as beauty and poetry, which the philosophers have never been able to agree in defining. It stands for something which cannot be taught because, being an inseparable ingredient of personality, it cannot be brought under rules or subjected to authority. It merges in art itself, which, says Ruskin, "is mystery and spiritual power."

It is certain that when artistry has reached the point it attains in the chiaroscuro of Rembrandt, the modelling of Rodin, the acting of Eleanora Duse in her greatest moments, the singing of Caruso, the playing of the Flonzaley Quartet, it is indeed difficult to tell where "art begins" and "faultless technic leaves off." If you say that technic is the sensuous element and expression the emotional, your statement lacks precision. Where would be the sweet, ironic charm upon Mona Lisa's lips if Leonardo's hand had swerved a hair's breadth from its absolute control of line? Is not a portrait

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painter an utter failure if his technic is in even a slight degree defective? Certainly, because he is not, like the poet, or the composer, or the idealist figure painter such as Fra Angelico or Burne-Jones, expressing a personal conception or mood. Carry the comparison still further into an art like that of the Japanese vase moulder or the Tyrolean wood carver, and we can make no distinction between expression and technic — the whole motive lies in the skilful fashioning of material substance into an object that gratifies the eye.

The reproductive art of the actor, instrumental performer, and singer seems to hold a middle ground. Here the expression certainly suffers from imperfect technic, but when the technic approaches perfection it reveals something more than itself. It loses itself in that other world to which technic gives it entrance. I thought of this one night when I heard the Flonzaley Quartet play Beethoven and Schumann and Borodin and Tchaikovsky and Bloch, with an exquisiteness of unified and balanced skill that left nothing more to be hoped for in this world. But I did not think of it as technic; I forgot that there was such a thing as a means of expression apart from the thing expressed. At the same time something stirred in me which was more than admiration, and I was fully aware that the medium through which, by the very conditions of this art, the soul of Beethoven or of Schumann was transmitted to mine was not one that was only mechanically trained. The art of these players was not

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imitative, not just reproductive; it was also in no small degree creative. The result could not be defined merely in technical terms — it could be described only in terms of the feeling aroused in the listener's mind. The listener who looks into his own heart when a master plays a master, has little use for the dry information of a musical dictionary. It is true that the great artists have always been great technicians, but no artist ever won a place in the first rank by technic alone. This is as true of the pianist, singer, or actor as it is of the painter, sculptor, or composer. Back of the describable is the indescribable: something that we call soul, or inspiration, or vision — words that are mere make-shifts, futile figures of speech, mere approximations to the unknown reality. Those performers whom we call great and honor after their passing — the Liszts, the Jenny Linds, the Duses — are consummate technicians because our astonishment at the difficulty of the things they do is forgotten in our delight in the beauty of it all. Hazlitt, in his essay, "The Indian Jugglers," has given us the higher truth of technic and the reason for our just admiration of it. "It is skill," he says, "surmounting difficulty, and beauty triumphing over skill. It seems as if the difficulty one mastered naturally resolved itself into ease and grace, and as if to be overcome at all it must be overcome without effort." Here is the difference between the professional acrobat and the amateur who does the same movements upon the gymnasium bars. The tech-

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nic, when it reaches the highest mark, is of such grace and apparent ease that we feel no surprise, any more than we feel surprise when we watch a racing yacht moving like a thing of life conscious of its own loveliness of shape and motion.

So it is with the technic of a supreme violinist or pianist. But here is the difference between Rubinstein or Kreisler and the Indian juggling with four brass balls. The latter has reached a perfection of technic which even the musician can never attain, but we do not on that account put him upon a higher level than Rubinstein. In fact, he is immeasurably lower because the pianist's task is not simply the execution of movements of his own device, not even the production of brilliant and beautiful sounds and that alone, but it is the re-creation of the conceptions of a creative mind. The pianist's task of interpretation, which is also the expression of his own intellectual and emotional life, is infinitely more difficult than the juggler's feats, so difficult that perfection can never be attained. The great musical performers whom I have named, and the others of their blessed company (and sad it is that so many people are ignorant of this fact) are men and women of intellect, of imagination, of reverence, of disciplined emotion. Arthur Symonds said of Eleonora Duse: "She creates out of life itself an art which no one before her had ever imagined: not realism, not a copy, but the thing itself, the creation of the world over again, as actual and beautiful a thing as if the world had never existed."

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That is the kind of miracle that is performed by all the players and singers whom the world has agreed to call great artists. That is what makes them artists rather than mere technicians. It is art, it is expression, it is also technic in its highest estate, but technic illuminated by something behind the veil.

II

The tendency on the part of certain critics to enlarge the conception of technic until it receives the reverence due to expression because to them it is expression, has its advantages and its disadvantages. Its great advantage, if adopted by the student, is that it requires him to keep beauty before his mind in all his technical work. The most admirable feature in modern piano teaching, for example, is the insistence upon every variety of touch in technical practice, training the ear at the same time with the muscular apparatus to the utmost sensitiveness in the perception of shading and tone color, awarding higher praise to beautiful melody playing than to the most dazzling *fioritura*, insisting that when every mechanical difficulty is surmounted, the higher problems still remain. An eminent critic writes of a young pianist recently become famous: "She is musician perhaps above all the rest of the younger generation." He would not say technician, or learned in musical science, in place of the word musician. We often hear such

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expressions as that this or that pianist is a fine Beethoven or Liszt player, but not satisfying in Chopin. A famous pianist, asked what music is the most difficult to play, declared it impossible to give a general answer, but testified that "Mozart is very difficult." In such instances is it meant that Chopin and Mozart are technically beyond the reach of those to whom Beethoven and Liszt are completely subject? Does it not mean that a true interpretation of a great composer requires a spiritual affinity with him on the part of the performer, and that this kinship of souls, inherent, unanalyzable, existed before the player had ever laid his hands upon a keyboard?

"The modern pianist," says a recent writer, "with eager, incessant, insatiable effort, seeks to draw from the instrument — apparently lifeless, but in reality adapted to infinite transformations and developments — ever more enchanting melody, color, shadings, and diaphanous plasticity of touch, silvery almost imperceptible gradations of intensity of timbre, and new combinations in the use of the pedals — not merely to satisfy the offensive vanity of a virtuoso, but to produce with the most beautiful of the solo instruments the essential poetry of sounds." *

Is such an achievement technic or expression, or is it both? I should say that as a trained muscular control, inspired by a reverential love of beauty, it is technic, and technic in its highest degree; it is

* Guido Alberto Fano, in *The Musical Quarterly*, vol. III.

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expression when the mastery of touch is employed at certain times and places so as to reproduce the essential spirit of the composition. For example, two pianists of equal technical skill might play the "D flat Nocturne" and the "A flat Polonaise" of Chopin, one making the proper distinctions of style between these radically dissimilar works, the other not, — the first player would be superior to the other in expression. I have heard a pianist who was a past master of the most delicate refinements of touch play the "Sonata Appassionata" without a suggestion of the heaven-storming passion of Beethoven's mood. Expression, as I understand it, is a matter of intellect and emotion; technic is concerned with the sense; technic is of the general, expression of the particular. In the best criticism of the day, no honor is accorded to technic except as it is pervaded by a consuming desire to awaken the feeling of a beauty which cannot be defined in mechanical terms. And, furthermore, this beauty must not be a general beauty merely, but a specific, characteristic beauty — a beauty that belongs to a certain work and would not properly belong to another. When this beauty conveys an impression of such a definite sort that it can be conceived and conveyed in terms which distinguish it from another impression, then it is expression. It may be true or false expression, but it is not the same thing as technic.

It is difficult to put this distinction into words, but it seems to me that a distinction must be made.

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Yet there are critics who refuse to make it. They reduce the expressive value, not only in music but also in painting and sculpture, to such an extent as often to seem to deny it altogether. They exalt the sensuous and purely intellectual elements in art above those upon which an artist must rely for the conveyance of emotions and ideas. This school looks to art for impression, not expression; its value decorative, not illustrative. Russell Sturgis declares that the most important thing a sculptor has to say is this: "Come and see this new combination of masses beautifully composed, made up of details beautifully modelled." Apparently this is all we are asked to see in Michelangelo's "Pieta," and the "Adams Memorial" by St. Gaudens. Oscar Wilde tells us: "In its primary aspects a painting has no more spiritual message than an exquisite fragment of Venetian glass." And he goes so far as to say that "the joy of poetry comes never from the subject, but from an inventive handling of rhythmical language." This chimes with the affirmation of Walter Pater, that wisdom in the directing of one's life consists in concentrating and intensifying the greatest possible number of vivid impressions; that "of this wisdom the poetic passion, the desire of beauty, the love of art for art's sake, has most — for art comes to you professing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake."

It was such teaching as this in the "Conclusion" of *The Renaissance* that led Pater to omit this

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chapter from the second edition of the book, through fear that some young minds might be misled by it.

Such principles as these enunciated by Wilde and by Pater in his "Conclusion" are surely imperfect, if not altogether erroneous. But, on the other hand, Ruskin is a false guide when he declares: "The picture which has the nobler and more numerous ideas, however awkwardly expressed, is a greater and a better picture than that which has less noble and less numerous ideas, however beautifully expressed." To the moralist who at the same time has no clear knowledge of art, Ruskin's principle will seem like gospel truth, while the professional artist and the professional critic will, as a rule, incline to the belief that the value of art is a decorative value. And in this latter dogma — that of Sturgis and Wilde and Pater — there is this large substance of truth: that a work of art which is technically bad — an ill-drawn and coarsely painted picture, a bungling piece of piano playing, an anthem, however devotionally composed, sung harshly and out of tune — cannot arouse in a cultured mind a noble feeling or impart persuasiveness to a moral idea.

III

In spite of the difficulties that lie in the way of one who endeavors to analyze and classify his impressions when in contact with a work of art it is

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desirable, it seems to me, that a distinction should be made between the motive and inspiration of the artist and his handling of the material which he is forced to use in presenting his motive. In the execution of his work the artist must inevitably concentrate his effort on the conquest of technical difficulties, and when, as critic, he scrutinizes the work of a fellow artist, it is the technic to which he, as a craftsman, will be most impulsively drawn. Nevertheless, there is no one, worthy to be called an artist, who would be pleased if his technic — his drawing, modelling, thematic development, or metrical scheme — were lauded to the skies and feeling or ideas denied him. His whole spiritual nature tells him that as a man of thought and sensibility he is, or should aspire to be, more than a clever craftsman — that “a man’s reach should exceed his grasp.” It is well that honor should be paid to technic — that the drawing in certain marvellous Japanese flower paintings, the modelling of a Rodin, the touch and shading of a Paderewski or a Kreisler, claim reverence as well as admiration. Without such recognition one is shut out from any real appreciation of art. On the other hand, there is an instruction in art, claimed to be authoritative, which restricts itself wholly to these things. The teaching in the art schools and musical conservatories is almost wholly confined to technical drill, and hence we discover that there is a host of young people entering the art professions whose conception of art is as defective as that of the layman

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who, in his ignorance of the processes of art, overlooks a thousand beauties to which the artist pays homage. There is nothing surprising in this, for the mastery of the absolutely necessary technical skill in any art, creative or reproductive, is so enormously difficult, and so absorbs years of life at a time when the mental habits are undergoing their most rapid process of formation, that the study of art in its relation to life, the training of a philosophic habit of mind, the enlargement of the intelligence through varied knowledge, has little or no place, and the interest being confined to a narrow specialty, the fundamental truth of art as revealed in human history is but feebly comprehended. It is for this reason, I think, that even if we conceive expression and technic as indissolubly blended, we must be careful how we teach that doctrine to young students, for they will interpret it practically as an injunction to toil at the keyboard or with the bow with a diligence that absorbs every particle of time and energy. Because to the young person technic means mechanism, and he loves more to labor with his hands than with his brain, physical activity far more than reflection. It is so easy to conceive art as a trade or an indulgence instead of an expression of the inward self, a mechanical drudgery instead of an inspiration, at best an allurement to the eye or ear, instead of a rapture and a revelation of the sources of some of the deeper joys of living.

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IV

In offering to music students and music lovers a few hints concerning the essential values of musical art as a spiritual testimony, I feel that it would be impossible to succeed unless a distinction were made between expression and technic. Consequently, when the word technic is used, I wish it to be understood as referring to the activity that can be guided by examples and precepts that have been formulated in definite terms and have become principles upon which professional trainers are generally in accord. The laws of technic, so understood, can be imparted in words and illustrated in acts that may be imitated — they are achieved by conscious process; while the word expression will be used as applying to a power that is largely innate, and in development subjected to processes that act indirectly as well as directly, sometimes unconsciously to the subject, at other times under his direct volition. Expression so understood is the outcome of love and enthusiasm, and can never exist unless there is an unselfish, spontaneous, uncalculated joy in the doing. It comes not only from a large experience with the works of the masters, not only from a unity of feeling with the feeling of those masters and a reverence for the art like unto theirs, but also from a vital sympathy with agencies of beauty and health which abound outside of music, from the cultivation of a feeling to which

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the term poetic, perhaps even the term religious, might be applied. For surely without love there can be no art in the true sense of the term. Love comes only with understanding, and those who understand music best are not those who know most but those who feel most.

In brief, then, technic, however exalted the term in which one conceives it, is the product of toil at the keyboard, the easel, the desk; the conception, the spiritual reality, which suffuses the technic with transfiguring light, is quickened by the inflow of inspiration from art and from life.

V

“Technic,” says Ruskin, “is only skill; art is mystery and spiritual power.” Accepting for convenience, as I have indicated, the first half of this proposition, every enlightened lover of art will assent to the second. Among all the arts, none offers a deeper mystery than music. The secret of its sway over the human heart has never been told. There are theories in plenty, dealing as they must with the problem of the origin of music, but none of them have explained why a simple melody, sometimes a single tone, can overcome us as by a spirit voice from beyond this world. And its spiritual power is so great because its mystery is unsearchably deep. These two terms are involved in one another, for where there is no mystery there is no spiritual power. There can be no religion with-

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out mystery. Doctrines, creeds, even ethics, do not touch the core of religion. "Canst thou by searching find out God?" exclaims the ancient poet. If we could we would not worship Him. It is the mysterious spiritual power of music that has made it the especial medium of religious action in all ages. All music likewise comes from a hidden source within. A musician who does not recognize something in music that cannot be touched by any item of his elaborate vocabulary is not entitled to the name. A composer is a mystic. What he gives us is not reasoning or observation. It is something intuitively perceived before ever he undertakes to impart it by constructing for it an apprehensible form. An interpreter must also be endowed with the mystical sense, otherwise he is a theorist or an executant, not an artist. It is the same with the listener; if he really feels the message it is with a faculty which he has no words to describe.

In music, therefore, the thing that makes it music is not included in the perceptions of our senses or the analyses of our intellect. Our whole emotional and moral nature seems to be gathered to a focus when a great piece of music concentrates its forces upon us. The thematic and dynamic design of Isolde's death song is simplicity itself, but when we are borne away upon the torrential sweep of its passion, formal dissection seems contemptible. We may separate all the constructive factors in a composer's work, we may compare and classify, applying all our apparatus of criticism — below it

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all there is something vital which our learned processes are incapable of reaching. As a vibration of the sensitive chords of our inmost nature, by which alone we are really in tune with the music, we cannot explain our impression to our neighbor in such a way that he could adjust his impression to it, neither have we any right to say that he ought to feel so and so because the work is made or performed in such or such a way. Just as in gazing at a landscape one person's attention is fixed upon effects of light and color, that of another upon lines and masses in earth forms or foliage, so every lover of music listens for what his temperament or education leads him especially to seek, and what he hears is an echo of himself.

People often wonder because critics of equal expertness form widely divergent judgments upon works which are made in accordance with methods of procedure which we think might be easily apprehended and appraised. This simply reminds us that in reading musical or any art criticism we must make large allowance for the critic's personal equation. Does this mean that criticism is worthless? I do not say that; but I hold that the value of criticism, when it goes beyond mere technical elucidation, lies in suggestion and not in any assumption of dictatorial authority over our reactions. The critic is a man like ourselves; his mental recoil, like ours, depends on the kind of man he is; his judgments are to a large extent the product of factors which are so little known to the critic him-

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self that he is unable to give them due weight in his estimates. The opinion of one man who worships Beethoven's "Fifth Symphony" and that of another who finds it antiquated and wearisome, have nothing to do with the quality of the work itself. We learn a good deal about the true function and significance of art when we observe the bitterness and strife which its products have aroused. There is no quarrel over a piece of machinery. Two experienced engineers will not differ upon the merit of a gasoline motor. It does its work as a motor should or it does not, and there is the end of the matter. Its whole operation can be explained to a novice. There is no mystery or wonder. Even admiration weakens with familiarity; one observation is sufficient for appreciation. The examiner is no different intellectually or morally for his inspection. He has no interest in the man who made the machine. But a beautiful work of art! After critical analysis has done its utmost there remains a mysterious something which arouses not admiration only but love—love that does not slacken with acquaintance but increases with the years. More than that—we feel a personal affection for the one who created the beautiful thing for our joy. Henry Ford may be a very estimable person, but we do not love him because he makes an excellent machine. But the very name of Schubert or Keats or Corot stirs a quick feeling of warmth in our hearts. The explanation lies in the sweet, overflowing humanity of these men made manifest in their creations. The

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amazing technical skill of Meissonier leaves us cold; we revere the soul of Giotto shining through the stiffness of his drawing and the crudity of his color. We instinctively compare the various works of a single artist in accordance with this spiritual and personal point of view. It is not the subject, be it observed, that makes the difference, but the attitude of the artist toward his subject. A picture of a beggar may move us more than an Annunciation. St. Gaudens is nearer to our heart in the "Adams Memorial" than in the "General Sherman," the mastery of craftsmanship being as great in one as in the other. Again and again in works of art the spirit of ardor and faith in the artist triumphs over imperfect execution. The motive cannot be concealed.

It is concealed, of course, from those whose minds do not correspond in some degree with the mind of the artist. Corot says nothing to one who has not a feeling for nature like his. One may admire the prodigious craftsmanship of Bach, and yet Bach will be to him as a book sealed with seven seals. The critic who is master of one art will often go far astray in his judgments of another art — sometimes from lack of special knowledge of processes, sometimes from a tendency, almost inevitable with those who go deeply into a single field of research, to interpret the æsthetic aims of one art in terms of another. On the other hand, I have often been astonished at the comprehensiveness and insight of tributes to great composers, Beetho-

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ven, say, or Wagner, by writers who, I am sure, could not have analyzed a fugue or sonata, nor could have explained the principles of piano touch or orchestration. We learn a good deal about ourselves in presence of a master's work, and we exhibit ourselves in our comment upon it. Criticism reveals the spiritual harmony or the lack of it between the commentator and the one discussed. When such correspondence is absent, the fault is as often in the mind of the critic as it is in the composition or the performance, although it is seldom that the critic is wise or honest enough to admit the fact. All of us might well give heed to the reply of the Earth Spirit to Faust in Goethe's poem:

"Thou art like the spirit which thou comprehendest."

Fortunate is the man who feels in himself a spirit kindred to that which throbs in the music of the great artists. The glad response of recognition when a work of genius reaches out its hand to us is really self-recognition. We become partners in the creation of the work. The experience shares in the dictum which has become a commonplace of philosophy, that nothing is known except in the manner in which it is perceived.

VI

Strictly speaking, this experience cannot be transferred. Some one asks us why we enjoy a

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musical piece so much, and we cannot tell. We can call attention to certain beautiful effects which our friend, less familiar with the piece, had overlooked, and this, as Mr. Henry T. Finck truly says, is the best service that a critic can perform. But we cannot tell him why these things are beautiful. For not only is music incapable of a final explanation, but the sense of it cannot be transplanted unchanged from one mind to another. The inspiration and joy of it are in its mystery. Herein is found the power of all art: it calls to the unfathomable mystery which every man carries about within him, craving to be relieved from the burden of its own enigma. All art is symbolic; every work of art is a symbol. To know what art has to teach, we must go back of its physical impression, back of its forms, even back of the artist's conscious purpose, back to the universal consciousness of which the mind of the individual artist is a momentary gleam. We superficially divide the arts into representative and non-representative; but all of them are both more and less than representative — they are symbolic and suggestive of impulses which struggle in vain to make themselves known for what they essentially are.

The source of music in the mind of the enraptured hearer, as well as in the mind of the composer, lies in a region which no other art occupies with so large a measure of monopoly. The emotion it reflects and arouses is not dependent upon anything that can be imitated or verbally described. (Even

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in vocal music and in instrumental "program music" we deceive ourselves if we suppose that the music duplicates the sense of the words.) The emotion that a piece of poetry renders is connected with some circumstance or object that arouses the emotion, or with some person who feels it. But the powerful effects which music produces are not thus related. Whenever people try to "interpret" a musical work along the line of definite portrayal, they give us the most remarkable contradictions. Music may well induce reveries peopled with a whole phantasmagoria of tender, weird, or alarming shapes; reminiscences which we love to recall or shrink from recalling; longings too unbounded to be called hopes — a submerged world of baffled endeavors, undirected passions, romances lived only in fancy — these take form again and become embodied in sound, emerging from the caverns of the mind, where they had been biding their time of summons into the light of recognition. These airy figures pass, leaving behind a sense of loveliness so sweet yet so bewildering, wayward, and contradictory that we ask ourselves what was the meaning of that music? Has music any meaning at all? If it has none, then we cannot explain its unshakable hold upon us. Nothing comes from nothing, and music is a gripping reality while it lasts, and in the silent notes upon the page the same reality lurks, ready at any instant to become animate. Its life is in sound and is as much an actuality as the life shown in lines and colors; neither form, that pre-

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sented to the ear or eye, has any life except as we feel it there; the mystery of music is deeper only because in external objects of sight another sense, the sense of touch, comes to our aid — without it the things we see would have no more assurance of reality than the things we hear. In art the reality and significance are in the beauty and the joy we feel.

Those who think most deeply on this theme seem to be the ones most conscious of discomfiture. Frederick W. H. Myers writes: "In the arts we have symbolism at every stage of transparency and obscurity; from symbolisms which merely summarize speech to symbolisms which transcend it. Sometimes, as with music, it is worse than useless to press for too close an interpretation. Music marches, and will march forever, through an ideal and unimaginable world. Her melody may be a mighty symbolism, but it is a symbolism to which man has lost the key."*

"It is sometimes said," writes Oscar Wilde, "that the tragedy of an artist's life is that he cannot realize his ideal. But the true tragedy that dogs the steps of most artists is that they realize their ideal too absolutely. For, when the ideal is realized, it is robbed of its wonder and its mystery, and becomes a new starting-point for an ideal that is other than itself. This is the reason why music is the most perfect type of art. Music can never reveal its ultimate secret."†

* *Human Personality.*

† *Intentions: The Critic as Artist.*

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The whole story is summarized by Schopenhauer in his memorable saying: "The composer expresses the profoundest wisdom in a language his reason does not understand."

VII

Now comes our critical question: What do we mean by *expression* in relation to such an art as this? It is plain that the terms expression and expressive involve two factors, viz.: the object presented — the thing that expresses — and the thing, object of sense or idea, that is expressed. "The quality acquired by objects through association," says Professor George Santayana, "is what we call their expression." We say that the slow introduction to the first movement of Beethoven's "Sonata Pathetique" is intensely expressive, and that it must be played with great expression. Well, what is the idea or object expressed, and what is its "quality acquired by association"? When Paderewski plays, is he aware of no purpose except the production of certain dynamic shades, tempos, phrasings, and tone colors? Is the impression we receive from his music nothing more than that? Or, referring to Whitman's maxim, is there something awakened in us which is not to be defined in any purely musical terminology, and of which these effects upon our hearing organs are reminders? It seems to me that there is no profit in speaking of expression in music if we have in mind only

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the composition and the performance as objective presentations. There is another element involved, viz., the thing awakened in the hearer. And also in the performer. So far as the first element — the objective presentation — is concerned, interpretation can be taught by rules and precepts. There are principles which a teacher can inculcate and a pupil adopt by imitation. But the “awakening” — how can that be achieved? Does not this depend upon feeling, imagination, love? If expression can be taught, as some assert, what are the methods available for the culture of the sensibility to beauty, the reverence and joy in its presence, the forgetfulness of self before the glory revealed, without which all the rules of the pedagogues are mechanical and empty and vain?

When the conclusion is accepted that playing and singing in their fulness are creative as well as imitative, then the elements of noble performance are gathered together. The student who aspires to mastership has discovered the way thereto if, while striving to conquer the technical means without which he cannot realize music's expressive possibilities, he believes that the currents of feeling must ever be deepened and purified. Otherwise he will be like a priest who performs his ritualistic office without sincerity. But he will be unlike the priest in that his lack of faith and ardor will easily be discovered by his auditors. If he longs for that finer culture of the spirit in which is found the secret of the unique power of music over the human

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heart, he will not be troubled by the fine theoretical distinctions between expression and technic which confuse the æstheticians. While consciously exerting a power that has come to him with thought and labor and discipline, he will also feel that he is the emissary of a power that is above these things and, in a peculiar, inexplicable sense, inspires them. He will feel that expression is a moral quality, and that while refining his technic to the utmost, he is at the same time opening the door of a sacred mystery.

In my long experience of piano recitals, one of the most interesting observations which I retain — one to which I have already alluded — is that in the case of certain famous players I remember little in regard to what is commonly called technic, while I hold vivid impressions of a certain personal, inexplicable emanation which imparted to old, familiar compositions new revelations of beauty and significance. It was impossible to escape the conviction that the composer's conceptions were receiving new heat from the fire of the performer's imagination. It was so with Rubinstein, with Paderewski. There were certain moments when dazzling technical effects came forth in strong relief, but on the whole these are not the features that remain most vivid in my memory. Now what is the power which triumphs over skill of hand and drives it into the background? After one has recognized it, can one imitate it? Can it be developed indefinitely? Can one teach it? Can one separate

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it in thought from technic? Can it exist if the technic is faulty? To what extent does one who possesses a high degree of imagination, emotional flexibility, and craving for beauty, atone for an imperfect voice and inexpertness of hand? What is that elusive, baffling thing we call the soul of art, which can sometimes arouse men to ecstasy and sometimes hush them into brooding, tearful silence? Is it wholly dependent upon the medium it must employ for its manifestation? These inquiries are vital, and if, through weakness, I am unable to give a satisfactory answer to them, I can perform useful service in propounding them.

VIII

Let us consider again what the performer actually does. Oscar Wilde has made the challenging suggestion that the singer or player is the real critic of music. We virtually admit this when we speak of a pianist, for instance, as an interpreter. For what is a true critic but an interpreter who, more than a translator, more than a pronouncer of judgment, feels by a sort of intuition the artist's intention, and helps to draw the recipient who listens to him into clearer comprehension? He may be still more than that, but that he is primarily. In this endeavor, because he uses another medium or a transcript of the artist's medium, he will offer to the recipient something of himself. "When Rubinstein," says Wilde, "plays to us the "Sonata

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Appassionata" of Beethoven, he gives us not merely Beethoven but also himself — Beethoven reinterpreted through a rich artistic nature, and made vivid and wonderful to us by a new and intense personality. When a great actor plays Shakespeare we have the same experience. His own individuality becomes a vital part of the interpretation." Hans von Bülow, it is often said, aimed to give the exact intention of the composer, keeping his own personality out of sight. But it is impossible to keep one's personality out of sight, whether one is playing the piano or selling dry-goods. We talk about subjective playing and objective playing — there is no such thing as objective playing. If a player strives to repress his temperament, the feeling that leads him to do so *is* his temperament. The Bülows are subjective as well as the Rubinstein's. The difference is in the character of the temperament and the character of the result. As for the "intention" of the composer, how can any one know it except in the most general and therefore imperfect way? In a letter occasioned by an inquiry concerning a peculiar expression he introduced in a passage in the "Moonlight Sonata," Edward MacDowell wrote: "Black notes on white paper are the despair of composers." The strikingly characteristic, individual style of Beethoven's playing of his works, as we are told, lay in his abundant use of the pedal and the *rubato*, both of which are entirely under the determination of the performer. Dynamic signs are only relative. The at-

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tempts of Schumann and MacDowell to give more explicit directions of style by means of words are failures. The really interpretative player must put an imaginative mind into co-operation with that of the composer. We all agree that he must be a man of taste, and that very word implies large liberty. His task is to bring out the special quality of beauty that lies in the music. For that he must, of course, have learning, but without a creative impulse of his own no inspiration will proceed from him.

This freedom is a high privilege, but it may be abused with lamentable results. To a certain order of minds, freedom of interpretation means eccentricity and vainglorious attempts to obtain credit for originality. The composer is at the mercy of the middle-man who stands between him and his audience. The finest composition may be ruined by a freakish, excessively "subjective" performance. There have been many instances in which an audience, hearing a fine work for the first time, has been grossly misled by the misconception of the conductor or performer, and in consequence condemning the work has balked for a time the composer's just expectations. A composition played in the wrong tempo, with bad phrasing, without spirit or with exaggeration, is not the thing at all as it formed in its author's mind. I sometimes wonder that any one who is not a genius dares to play or sing at all. If a bad performer were superstitious, he would offer oblation in advance to avert the

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wrath of the composer's shade. All which does not belie my declaration in behalf of the performer's freedom and initiative. It only indicates that liberty must be controlled by knowledge, taste, and reason.

This dependence of the work upon the performance also exists, we are aware, in the drama and poetic recitation, but in a less degree. I once heard the distinguished actress, Edith Wynne Matthison, say: "'Hamlet' is fool-proof." By this she meant that the plot of the tragedy and the words which Hamlet speaks are so great that even a bad actor cannot wholly fail to make them impressive. Even a poor voice and dull elocution cannot prevent Tennyson's "Rizpah" from stirring the depths of a feeling heart. But Chopin's "Nocturne in G" and Schubert's "Serenade" are not fool-proof. No composition can escape ruin in the hands of an incompetent performer, while in the hands of a master a work as familiar as the alphabet may disclose undreamed-of beauties. This makes the purchase of a concert ticket always an adventure.

We may carry the subtlety of our analysis to such a point that technic and expression are interblended in thought, but the common distinction between them will at any rate lead us to some conclusions that help us in practice if not in theory. The teacher need not find it standing in his way. We say that a certain person has a highly trained technic but plays without much expression. We say of another that his technic is not remarkable,

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but he plays with wonderful expression. If asked to describe the second player's merit in terms which one who has not heard him will understand, we often find it impossible to do so. We may say that the playing of the first performer is cold and that of the second is warm; that the playing of the second has variety and that of the first is monotonous. But the mere existence of warmth and variety is not sufficient; some of the worst playing I ever heard had an abundance of both. It had accuracy, also, and great resources of dynamics and speed changes, and yet it was utterly bad. The feeling was wrong; what we call the "conception" was wrong. A famous painter once said that good drawing consists in putting things in the right places. Is it not the same in playing? — good playing consists in putting certain values of tempo, force, and tone quality in the right places. Technic occupies itself with perfect delivery of details — phrases, passages, accents, etc.; expression considers the whole composition, the relation of the parts to the whole, and thus may be held as equivalent to conception and interpretation. It is a union of forces known to the intellect, divined by the intuition, winning its way to the heart by technical means.

IX

It must never be forgotten that art is not merely an outbreak of feeling; it is feeling put into form, a form that has been conventionalized. A singer,

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player, or actor who thinks that feeling is all in all, and gives way to explosive impulses unplanned and undirected by the laws of his art, makes a sorry failure. Not long ago I came across a very shrewd remark by an English philosophic writer, Henry Sturt, in a casual allusion to this very subject of the relation of feeling to musical performance. He is explaining that the be-all and end-all of the process is not the generation of a succession of emotions, and then goes on to say: "I once read an absurd remark that the piano playing of a young girl full of feeling is more artistically satisfying than that of a more skilful middle-aged performer. This is the Byronic fallacy. The playing of young people is generally cold. It is full of feeling, but it is feeling about themselves, the sort that has no immediate value for art."* The feeling that has immediate value for art — this gives the clue to the whole problem of expression. The most powerful outbursts of pathos or passion in music are never the issue of an actual personal experience that was still alive and burning in the artist's soul. Grieg's lament, written after the death of his intimate friend, Richard Nordraak, is weak compared to the music for the scene of Ase's death in "Peer Gynt." The feeling that makes one's playing or singing expressive is a feeling that has become the object of reflection, so regulated by the intellect that it cannot be regarded by the hearer apart from the form which it has moulded for itself. "Art," says Del-

* *Personal Idealism*, chapter *Art and Personality*.

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sarte, "is emotion passed through thought and fixed in form." An American critic, Henry R. Poore, would reverse the order of the first two items. "Art," he says, "is thought passed through emotion and fixed in form." The difference at bottom is not essential. Both statements are correct — one applies to one class of works, the other to another class. All art comes from a union of thought and feeling, both held in leash by the firm control of the will.

The celebrated English actor, Macready, was once asked: "Do you play best when you lose yourself in the part?" "No," was the answer, "because then I forget to perfect the part." It is so with the pianist — feeling he must have, deep, strong, even passionate, but he must not lose himself in his feeling, for if he does he will fail to perfect his work upon the keys. It has been said of Rubinstein that he would sometimes fall a prey to intense excitement, which caused him to play in the wildest fashion, so that he would strike wrong notes and jumble passages into confusion. Having heard Rubinstein many times, I think that this statement is greatly exaggerated, but so far as it is true it marks a defect in his art. Occasional lack of control, when they "failed to perfect the part," has been asserted of Paderewski and even of Liszt. Probably no great pianist or violinist who was endowed with a fiery temperament has ever been able wholly to escape this danger. Perfect playing would be the result of supreme technical skill, with emotional

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sensibility and intellectual control in perfect balance. It may be that such achievement is not to be looked for in this world.

X

As we move step by step in the consideration of the things that compose mastery in performance, we find in the greatest artists — the Paderewskis, the Kreislers, the Carusos — an unmistakable impression of a subtle, distinctly individual emanation which we call *personality*. It is that quality which distinguishes the work of one performer from that of another when their technical skill seems equal, and their general conception of a certain composition would be described in essentially the same terms. It may even give one performer an advantage over another in his effect upon his audience when the technic of the other is superior. It is a convincing intellectual and emotional superiority. It is found in a mode of treatment which carries over into the composition the temperament or the imaginative insight of the performer, and makes of it a new, individual creation. Moreover, it often happens that when we are not convinced of the reasonableness of the interpretation at all points, even when we are aware of technical flaws, we are driven out of our cool critical position by the sheer authority of the performance which, for the time at least, compels our submissive assent. This strange power has nothing to do with physical

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strength or personal beauty. Liszt must have possessed it in an extraordinary degree. Some have asserted that other pianists have equalled him in technical skill and have excelled him in beauty of tone; but he still stands the crowned king of virtuosos. Among the pianists of my time, Anton Rubinstein remains with such vividness in my memory that the best of his contemporaries seem almost commonplace in comparison. Great as was his technical skill, that does not solve the mystery. The fascination of such players as Ole Bull is not explained by any of the records of their performances. The annals of the dramatic stage offer us the same phenomena. When I read of certain actors of past days — David Garrick, for example, Mme. Rachel, Edmund Kean — I find little recorded that explains their supremacy, only impressions handed down by tradition of personalities that took possession of the criticism of their time and turned it into enthusiasm. Coleridge said that to see Kean act was like reading Shakespeare by flashes of lightning. The tone brilliants of Beethoven and Chopin flashed with an unimagined splendor under the hands of Liszt and Rubinstein. Mrs. Bloomfield-Zeisler has given a vivid description of the effect of such playing. "Some players," she says, "seem fairly to hypnotize their audiences. This is done by the sheer intensity of feeling on the part of the artist at the moment of performance. The great performer in such moments of passion forgets himself entirely. Technical mastery of the composition

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being presupposed, the artist need not and does not give thought to the matter of playing the notes correctly, but re-creating in himself what he feels to have been the mood of the composer, re-creates the composition. It is this kind of playing which establishes an invisible cord connecting the player's and the hearer's hearts, and, swayed himself by the feelings of the moment, he sways his audience. He makes the music he draws from the instrument supreme in every soul in the audience; his feeling and passion are contagious, and carry the audience away."*

This description might be said to allow rather too much to the player in the matter of sudden impulsiveness as compared with reasoned design, but it emphasizes the need of individuality as a condition of convincing art work. Expression in playing or singing means self-expression. Any performer who endeavors to repress himself for the sake of truth to the composer loses on both sides. Similarly, if one tries to imitate the style of some famous artist, or depends entirely upon the directions of a teacher, then one is nothing but a copyist, and as long as this disposition lasts there can be no development of initiative or self-study, or even artistic self-respect. Anton Rubinstein, the teacher of the young Josef Hofmann, refused to play to his gifted pupil. For genuine expression to exist, there must be something in heart and brain

* *Great Pianists and Piano Playing*, edited by James Francis Cooke.

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which cries out to be set free. If vision and imagination be lacking or feeble, the performer may be a clever executant but never an artist. The nature and the amount of individual conception and feeling constitute one's personality. Every one, of course, has personality; there are no two people in the world that are precisely alike. But the personality that counts in art is a personality strong enough to be distinctly recognized, one that acts indeed through regulated, conventional channels of technic and form, but full enough to overflow those channels and carry the minds of others along with it in directions which lead to new glimpses of truth and beauty.

A strong personality, therefore, at once affirms itself in the character of the performance. It is felt in the touch, in the shading, in the accent, in the choice of tempo, in the broad emotional conception of the piece. Every great artist makes a distinct, individual impression. Differences will appear most, perhaps, in the touch, for the touch is a compound of many factors, physical and intellectual. Mr. Ossip Gabrilowitsch has said: "I am reasonably confident that if I were to hear a number of pianists play in succession upon the same instrument behind a screen, and one of them was my friend Harold Bauer, I could at once identify his playing by his peculiarly individual touch." And I believe that Mr. Gabrilowitsch could also identify all the others if he were familiar with their styles. Some time ago four famous pianists in London

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played the "Sonata Appassionata" in the same week, and the critics had a fine time of it in passing opinions on the various interpretations. On the other hand, one who lives in a conservatory of music observes that the students as a rule play very much in the same way, barring the differences in technical skill. Their separate personalities are not sufficiently developed to show in their performances. Generally speaking, this is due, of course, to intellectual unripeness, and is no more to be blamed than a fall apple is to be blamed for not being ready to be eaten in July. But it often happens that budding individuality is hindered by the teacher, who is so afraid of false expression that he discourages every impulse outside the beaten track. I believe this to be an error. Obvious perversities should be restrained, but if a student says: "I feel this so and so," experiments may be permitted when the plain intent of the composer is not wantonly violated. Warm musical feeling and a thoughtful disposition should certainly be encouraged. It is better to think foolishly than not to think at all. A teacher may sometimes get a valuable idea from a pupil. An apparent extravagance may be an inspiration. A wise teacher will have no difficulty in determining the point where dictation on his part may properly loosen its restrictions. Self-expression on the pupil's part must always wait upon technical efficiency. The maxim not unknown in certain art schools: "Be independent, never mind the rules of draftsmanship, pay no

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attention to what has been done before you, just express yourself," is a pestilent heresy to be extirpated. It is rarely if ever heard in the schools of music, certainly not in the classes of performance. The method inculcated by Leschetizky, according to one of his pupils, contains the true doctrine. "He believed in the control of the intellect, in studying a composition, eliminating all emotion, all feeling, but just analyzing it and taking it apart until it is learned. And after it is thoroughly mastered, then, as he said, *you can let go.*"

Emotion, feeling, original conception, personality, are not denied during the hours of slow, deliberate, unemotional toil, only held in check. The fire is smouldering, biding its time. But when the player "lets go," what schooling have his musical imagination and his personality been undergoing in the meantime, so that his performance may have a life of its own — an element that is, in however slight degree, creative, a contribution to the store of beauty and expression which the world already possessed? The duty often urged upon us by wise ethical teachers that we "respect the personality" carries as a corollary the right to a personality of our own which others must respect. It is hardly necessary to say that the personality which a player or singer should aim to develop is the result of impulses which tend to large and harmonious results, impulses that are creative, guided by knowledge of the achievements of the honored past, that are sincere, aspiring, working reverently for the

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highest good of art. One need have only contempt for the personality that is an article manufactured for trade purposes, an egotistic pretense, designed to impose upon a shallow public for its own emolument and gratification of vanity, cultivating an "originality" which is nothing but eccentricity and studied mannerism. It strives to be different only for the sake of difference, in order to draw attention to itself. It puts the self of the performer into the foreground and swells itself up to such dimensions that it hides the composer from sight altogether. There is quite enough of this kind of personality always before us, and it is not confined to the musical profession. Whenever it appears, the goddess of music or painting or literature hides her face. It is not of this sacrilegious spirit that I speak. I have in mind personality like that of the great masters of art — the Beethovens, the Millets, the Rodins — who did not strain to be original, but who strove with singleness of mind to express their deepest selves by saying what the Unknown Power which they worshipped had given them to say. One gains the personality that promotes the true interest of art by giving oneself in full surrender to the influences that make for character.

XI

We come, then, to the final goal — expression in both creative and re-creative art means self-expression. Doubtless it means more than that — it may

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express the composer or the playwright. it may express certain ruling ideas in a people, an institution, or a period. But even in such cases the performer is never a mere reproducer; he presents just what he conceives the object to be; he enters into it and becomes a part of it, and what he gives contains among its elements a bit of himself. Hamlet's instruction to the players that the purpose of their art is to "hold the mirror up to nature" has been responsible for much error in regard to the function of art. All art, even the act of the reproducing performer, does more than that. It follows that a performer who has nothing within himself that is worthy of expression cannot really express anything that is given him from outside of himself. The pianist who is entitled to be called an artist takes a composition from its author, masters it by a calm, concentrated process of technical and intellectual control, absorbs it into his own mind, makes it a part of his own consciousness, and when he gives it out again as a complete and finished product, it has become imbued with his own personality. His feeling-nature has adopted it. He knows it for his own. If he loves it, it has become an expression of his self. His whole intellectual and emotional nature is concentrated for the moment upon its delivery. It is his message to his hearers. He says implicitly: "I am calling to you for your sympathy and understanding. The composer has given me this beautiful thing in order that by means of it I may declare to you the beauty

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that I feel." Even if the player, for one of a number of possible good reasons, chooses a work with which he is not altogether in sympathy, by his touch and certain graces of handling he can lift the work to a higher plane, and can convince his hearers that whatever the obstacles may be, he is himself always in search of beauty.

This union of two personalities is what makes the performance of old and familiar works so everlastingly interesting. It affords justification to such pianists as Paderewski, who mainly confine their programs to the standard "classic" repertory. The case is similar with the art of acting. There are as many Hamlets as there are actors who play the part. When an actor of repute essays Shakespeare for the first time, the interest is as lively as if a new play of which much was expected were offered to the public. Arthur Symons, writing of the playing of Ysaye in the "Kreutzer Sonata," says: "In that instant a beauty which had never been in the world came into the world; a new thing was created, lived, died. That thing was neither Beethoven nor Ysaye; it was made out of their meeting, and just that miracle could never occur again." *

A miracle indeed it seems, and yet we can resolve the effect into its two components and mark their mutual relation. There is the Beethoven side: it is external to the player; it comes to him as a means and an opportunity. He has studied the

* *Plays, Acting, and Music*, chapter *Technique and the Artist*.

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work with care; he has decided all the points of touch, shading, tempo, phrasing, pedalling, which belong to technic. This is a premeditated, intellectual process. Then he plays the work in public: his performance is in many respects different from that of another player of equal intelligence and skill, and sometimes, under the stress of the enthusiasm of the occasion, he produces effects he had not planned. There is an unconscious element at work in the affair, as there was in the original composition of the piece. The composer, too, worked deliberately, experimenting, altering, erasing, calculating, and testing, not emotionally excited so far as he was aware; but when the work was finished, lo, something of which Beethoven was not conscious had all the time been at work, guiding his pen, giving his music a spirit and style which we call Beethovenesque, something unlike anything in the work of any other man. The style of Tchaikovsky has been aptly called "impassioned melancholy," but Tchaikovsky never said to himself: "I will write passionate music with an infusion of melancholy." Such men as Grieg and Brahms, whose work has a distinct, unmistakable individuality, could not by any amount of effort have written otherwise and disguised the natural working of their minds. This personality, by the way, has little or nothing to do with the general attitude of the composer toward life. A lively piece of music may be written at a time when everything in the author's business affairs is going wrong. Schubert

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was one of the most cheerful of companions, yet a great part of his music is pervaded with a strain of melancholy. These suggestions lead us into the mysterious depths of personality, below those manifestations of character which seem to others, and even to the man himself, to be the reflection of his real nature. We need not try to enter this dim region; we need only admit that, instead of being less essential than the facts which form the ordinary self-recognitions, the motives that operate there are vastly more essential. It will be enough to quote the statement of Frederick W. H. Myers: "We know the difficulty of explaining its [music's] rise on any current theory of the evolution of human faculty. We know that it is something discovered, not like something manufactured. And the subjective sensations of the musician himself accord with this view of the essentially subliminal character of the gift with which he deals. It is not from careful poring over the mutual relations of musical notes that the masterpieces of melody have been born. They have come as they came to Mozart — whose often-quoted words I need not cite again — in an uprush of unsummoned audition." *

It is not essential to inquire how far the composer knows what he is doing. Havelock Ellis has some interesting suggestions on that point. "It is not clear," he writes, "how far a composer realizes what he is showing of himself. Possibly if he realized he would hesitate. But it is easier in music than in

* *Human Personality.*

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any other art to elude the confession of self-revelation. Whether or not he knows — and I suspect he often knows — the emotional logic of personal temperament is deeper than all the subterfuges of art and can never be eluded.” *

In common parlance we summarize the matter by saying that the “soul” of the master is in his music. We are not called upon to define the word. It is that bundle of psychical forces which distinguishes a man from other men in the nature and degree of his emotional experiences and his modes of expression. The causes and the essential quality of this psychical entity are but faintly perceived by its possessor. He can no more answer the question “what” than the question “why.” “The wind bloweth where it listeth,” was said of old; “thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth.” So it is with the personality of genius. Art is not only “mystery,” it is also “spiritual power.”

It is even so with the performer. If he can properly be called an artist it is by some incalculable quality in his own genius which, added to the genius of the composer, becomes, as Symons has it, something that is neither Beethoven nor Ysaye.

All who play or sing wish to increase to the utmost their own contribution to this mysterious union which is art. No one worthy of the title of musician will be content to have it said of him that he is brilliant but expressionless and cold. Every

** Impressions and Comments.*

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true artist wants to be loved more than to be admired. He would not be a machine but a personality.

XII

How can one gain this rich possession which is beyond technic, a creative element in personal life?

At first thought it might seem in many instances hopeless. Is it not a gift of nature, something in-born, a blessed endowment granted from above at birth or before birth, not to be earned by toil or prayer? Undoubtedly it is a gift of nature, but I make the assertion that every one has it to some extent, and every one can increase it. Not by taking thought can one add a cubit to one's stature or develop the personality of a Paderewski or a Caruso; but the difference between the native endowment of a Liszt and an average music student, even the most meagre talent, is one of degree and not of kind. An English authority of very large experience in the education of the young declares that he has never found an unmusical child. The impulse to expression in rhythmical tone exists in every race and tribe, and is especially strong in some of the most primitive. It can be developed and organized into form by effort of which only the hopelessly feeble-minded are incapable. The germ, even if comparable in its minuteness to a grain of mustard seed, will grow if favorable conditions are furnished. It may not become a great tree bearing works of originality and power, but

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it can add some measure of beauty to its environment. The great artists of keyboard and bow toiled exceedingly, and on what were they intent? They may have been aware that they had genius, but many of them have spoken as though they did not believe in anything of the kind, and none ever trusted to it for success. They did not wait for the spark to fall from heaven. They toiled as desperately as though they were the dumbest of men. Rubinstein at sixty was still practising the works he first studied as a child. De Pachmann at sixty-seven said: "I have never stopped, and to-day I am just as keenly interested in my progress as I was in my youth." Now were these men and others like them striving to learn more and more of the composers' intentions? At the beginning, yes; but the continuous, unending process, directly and especially indirectly, was self-culture—striving, as perhaps I may express it, not to get more out of the printed work, but to put more into it. We may not rival the achievements of such artists as I have named, but we can emulate their example, and can add something of value that has not been in the world before. If the man in the parable who received one talent had made the same use of his gift as the man who received five, he would have heard the same encomium: "Well done, good and faithful servant."

As the gift is never precisely the same in one as in another, so the result will have its own individual stamp. It is my belief that the playing or sing-

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ing of any one can be made to possess some amount of this distinct, personal interest. Not that individuality in and by itself alone is of any value. It must be something more than peculiarity. But that goes without saying. Not only is personality cultivatable, but a positive, fruitful personality. Every one properly educated has something to give to the world which no one else can give. If the making of personality were in any instance hopeless, one of our most inspiring essayists, Mr. Bliss Carman, would not have written a very invigorating book of counsel on that subject. "There is nothing more interesting than personality," says Mr. Carman. "Selves are all that finally count. To discerning eyes all of life is a mere setting for the infinitely intense and enthralling drama of personalities. . . . It is not enough to be a fraction, one must be an integer. . . . No man can speak or move without definitely expressing something; which makes it obviously desirable that expression be educated and devoted to the highest human service."*

I fully believe that the student of music can find perpetual stimulation in the thought that growth in proficiency may constantly entail increase in power of self-expression. The performer, I admit, should not be in the foreground of the picture, but he should not be out of the picture altogether. He must not be a slave to an arbitrary model. Some one wrote recently of "the senseless adoration of

* *The Making of Personality.*

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persons" as one of the follies of the present day. The adoration may be senseless, but it has always existed, and has been nowhere more conspicuous than in the musical world. There has been little change since the eighteenth century Italian opera, when shouting crowds drew the renowned sopranist through the streets in triumph, and almost every day he received a new gold snuff box from some enraptured potentate. Still we see in opera advertisements the name of the popular singer in large type and the title of the opera in small type. In sober thought this emphasis is misplaced, but it is easily explainable. The notes the performer sings are given to him by one who is out of sight, perhaps long dead; the quality of tone which gives us our direct, nerve-exciting sensation is identified in our minds not with the composer but with the man before us in all the magnetism of his vivid presence, and to him we give the glory. But with reflection we ascribe due honor to both, asking of the performer that he preserve at every moment his reverence for his master, whom we in our moments of excitement may forget.

The personality which the student may rightly endeavor to develop is one which interprets while it charms. He should love the thing that he is doing more than the applause he gets for doing it. The personality which wins renewed deference to the cause of art is the result of growth; it is not stage manner and it is not technic. While a considerable amount of technic is necessary to make

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conception realizable in performance, the training of the intellectual and emotional faculties will positively aid technic by enabling it clearly to distinguish the nature of its task. Technic rises to its height only under inspiration. Feeble conception means feeble performance. The performer may deceive the majority of his audience, but some he will not deceive, and he will not deceive himself. Most students do not seem to understand that technical progress depends also on other things than the number of hours spent in routine mechanical exercise. It was a wise saying of the well-known singer, Mr. Louis Graveure, that "one reason why such a small proportion of vocal students ever 'arrive' is because they spend what time they give to study entirely on singing, and none at all on the things that make singing interesting." The hand and the vocal organs are only agents of the will, and the will has back of it a character that is not merely derived from inheritance, but is the accumulation of impressions selected from the contributions which life and art are offering every day.

Music, like all art, is to be surveyed from the viewpoint on which the life we know and feel and act has placed us. Its sphere is not isolated, as those who do not really know music suppose. It draws its motive power from all that promotes wholesome, expanding intellectual and spiritual energy. The artist in music, if he would make his personality a force, must live the full, free life of the senses, the understanding, and the emotion.

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Everything counts that aids him physically as well as intellectually. He wisely gives thought to the health and grace of his body; to the culture of the instinct, the reason, and the imagination. The side that is most often neglected is the physical. The singer or the player upon an instrument need not be an athlete, but it is advisable that he should be a good dancer. "In our own day," writes Havell Ellis, "one of the keenest and most enlightened of educationists has lamented the decay of dancing; the revival of dancing, Stanley Hall declares, is imperatively needed to give poise to the nerves, schooling to the emotions, strength to the will, and to harmonize the feelings and the intellect with the body which supports them."* It is needless to say that it is not the type of pair dancing so largely prevailing in social circles to-day which these two high authorities have in mind, but the folk, æsthetic, and expressive dancing which quickens the vital functions, manifests and promotes the joy of existence, which imparts rhythmic poise, grace, elasticity, and control, and develops and refines the sense of beauty in motion which is also the foundation of musical delight. "The artistic dancer," says Bliss Carman, "uses bodily motion as a poet uses words, as a painter uses colors — as an appeal not so much to our reason as to our sense and spirit — as a means of enlivening and gladdening our nature, making us more sensitive to beauty, more spontaneous in glad emotion, more

* *The Dance of Life.*

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sane and balanced in general well-being." * Any one who is instructed enough to know the origin, the ideal, and the uses of the dance in the whole human family from the beginning — who knows that most, if not all, the fine arts lead back to the one primitive, universal art of dancing — will agree that these statements I have quoted are true. Every conservatory of music should include a dancing school, with dancing under the direction of skilled instructors as a required discipline.

XIII

With a healthy, vibrant, high-strung, and well-controlled nervous organization pre-supposed, what regimen should a musical student add to resolute technical practice in order to develop that quality, beyond technic, which is the life of art? Without attempting to cover the whole range of such a subject — which would be folly — I trust that some service may be rendered by emphasizing certain conditions, which I mention not only for their importance, but because they are commonly disregarded. Even to those who do observe them exhortation will not be amiss, because no student ever considers them enough.

In the first place there must be enthusiasm. Nothing of any value is ever accomplished without it, certainly in the field of art. A recent writer has put the case admirably. Please notice his definition

* *The Making of Personality.*

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of enthusiasm: "Of all the qualities that go to make up an artist, the most important is enthusiasm. Without enthusiasm, or unselfish devotion to art for its own beauty, no artist, however skilful, can be noble; and with it the least skilful can never be contemptible."* "Devotion to art for its beauty," you observe, not for reputation, or money, or influence, or any other incidental personal advantage that may come with proficiency. When beauty is made the aim, and joy in beauty the reward, enthusiasm follows as a matter of course, and enthusiasm is a mighty stimulus to progress. The contemplation of loveliness, and the consciousness of adding to the world a bit of loveliness that did not exist before, leads us away from the dull prose of ordinary existence, and gives us visions of a paradise that is always close to us if we only believe in it. In Maeterlinck's *The Blue Bird*, the grandparents who have gone to the spirit world come to life when any one thinks of them. So it is with the beauty that ever waits around and in us. To consecrate oneself to the pure service of art is to feel its benediction. Hence comes enthusiasm, which can give a touch of nobility even to those who are unskilful. It beautifies the art by beautifying the life out of which the art comes.

The greatest hindrance to the progress of art in this country is that we Americans do not take art seriously enough. Only a few understand —

* Henry Sturt, chapter on *Art and Personality* in *Personal Idealism*.

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what scholars have discovered by research and every great artist has assumed — that art finds its sources as deep as those of science and religion, being allied to them, and is a product of that consciousness of spiritual powers wherein is found the impulse toward the race's higher advancement. People think of art as an accomplishment, a diversion, an embellishment of life, a luxury for those who are well-to-do wherewith to amuse themselves. It seems to them to exist for the interludes of life, when serious occupation is laid aside. The enormous prevalence of the cheap and shallow type of music which really expresses nothing is due to the fact that the great mass of our people have no conception of the real meaning of musical art. They look at music frivolously, as they look at all life that is not occupied with the hard gaining of subsistence. The genuine lover of music feels it as Cardinal Newman felt it when he spoke of music as "the outpouring of eternal harmony in the medium of created sound"; as Carlyle felt it when he called music "a kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the Infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that"; as Lafcadio Hearn felt it when he said: "Great music is a psychical storm, agitating to unimaginable depths the mystery of the past within us"; as the Irish novelist, George Moore, felt it, when he wrote of a young girl playing the violin that "she was playing out of the great silence that is in every soul." I know all about the drudgery of daily practice — dry exercises, dry etudes,

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pieces once interesting become tedious with the multitudinous repetitions which the mastery of even a simple thing requires. Those who are the most conscientious and those who are most amply endowed with the talent that promises success, are the most convinced that the gate of art is a straight gate, and among the expectations beyond are those of trial and sorrow. The philosophers tell us that, as Havelock Ellis puts it, "there is no separating pain and pleasure without making the first meaningless for all vital ends and the second turn to ashes." It is so in art as in life. The chief condition of triumph is fortitude. Many fall by the way because they have not devotion and faith sufficient to lift them over the hard places. Whether one accomplishes much or little, the pursuit is worth the pain if the reward sought is in a reverent love of art for its beauty and its intensifying power upon the emotional life. How to maintain the fire of enthusiasm is the art student's and the art lover's ever-present concern. Without it study is a profitless drudgery and failure sure. One resource for the music student is in reading the lives of great composers and performers, told by themselves or by other writers who are also enthusiasts. Their witness is to the greatness of the purpose to which they were devoted. We are convinced that it was "no vain or shallow thought" that could call forth such fortitude and reverence from these strong souls. No toil or sacrifice dismayed them. Schubert wrote hundreds of beautiful works before he

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could find a publisher for a single one of them, finding merely in the pouring out of melody consolation for his poverty and obscurity. Caruso mastered many operatic rôles he never expected to sing in public, simply out of his passion for perfection. De Pachmann, after a successful début as a pianist at the age of twenty-one, withdrew into laborious obscurity for eight years, and then, still dissatisfied with himself, worked in retirement for two years more before he came before the public again. It is not the assurance of success that sustains such men as these — the exiled Wagners, the neglected César Francks: no man can ever have at the beginning assurance of success. It was enthusiasm, maintained by belief in the blessings which music bestows upon mankind.

I have discovered in a multitude of experiences how much musical students need such inspirations. They will find them also in the eloquent tributes to music paid by poets and novelists and essayists, for they, as imaginative writers, concerned with the inner life of things, ignore the technicalities of music, seeking only the spirit and the joy of it. It is well now and then to lay aside the prescribed task, so easily become mechanical, and make excursions into new regions of the territory of music by reading beautiful pieces and songs which one does not intend to master. Every one needs such refreshment occasionally. Improvise sometimes when industry flags, for this, however poor it may be, is self-expression. There is a wholesome excitement

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in it. Take every pains to fan the spark of musical enthusiasm into flame. Make melody in your heart. Associate with people who are musically alive. Look everywhere for musical analogies and musical stimulus. Without this fervent glow there is no pleasure, and without pleasure there is no real progress. Above all things, guard against the germs of that spirit of petty faultfinding which so often afflicts young students as well as professional musicians, leading them to lay more stress upon small defects than upon great merits. When this disease becomes chronic the true spirit of art dies.

XIV

Besides enthusiasm, there must be musical culture. Culture implies both knowledge and appreciation, with decided emphasis upon the latter. We all know people who have a good deal of knowledge but little culture; and there are people of the finest culture whose extent of knowledge is not at all remarkable. Culture does not consist in acquaintance with a multitude of facts — that is only information. It means an ardent desire for the finer fruits of knowledge, varied interests, eager curiosity, a mind open to ideas and impressions, a steady effort to use facts and principles for the enrichment of the inner life. It is a moral, rather than an intellectual attribute. Apply this to the musical field. Any one working in a fine art should have a large familiarity with the best that has been ac-

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complished in his subject. The pianist should be constantly enlarging his acquaintance with the piano works of all periods — not for the sake of adding to his own personal repertory, but in order that he may broaden his conceptions by entering into many modes of musical thought. And not piano music alone. If a piano student honestly aspires to become an artist he will lose no opportunity for musical experience. He will derive lessons of priceless value in hearing great singers and instrumentalists in all fields. He needs them not only for “points” in style and interpretation, which are essentially the same whatever the medium, but also for inspiration. The wise musical student will also read constantly in the best musical histories, biographies, and critical discussions. With the mental stimulation that comes from such disciplines the student’s musical taste will become ever more extended, more liberal, and more sure; he will be eager to seize new ideas, to discover what is excellent in every musical achievement of the past and present, and ready to appropriate it as a contribution to the development of his personality. It is not necessary to say that the mental grasp and delicate insight thus acquired will be apparent in the performance to every discerning listener.

XV

Enthusiasm, musical taste, musical knowledge and culture — these are essential if the perform-

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ance is to be raised above routine and mechanical commonplace. Now what more is needed? What about general culture — how much of that should the musical interpreter possess? How much should he know outside of music? How wide should be his survey of the larger thought, feeling, and activity of the world? I am not speaking of him as a citizen, but as an artist. How much is his art benefited, his power over his audience affected by study of other sources of human expression than those of his special art? It seems to me that this is a question of very great consequence. It is emphasized to every reader of musical history by the discovery of the immense expansion of the field of musical expression in the past one hundred years, as shown in the opera, the song, piano music, and program music; in the development of harmony and orchestration; in the acceptance of musical education as a feature of the function of public schools, colleges, and universities; in the researches of scholars into the national, social, and religious origins of musical practice; the interblended relations of music, poetry, and the drama; the recognition on the part of psychologists, ethnologists, and makers of philosophic systems of the aid which music affords in their delving amid the mysteries of human life. The old isolation of music is ended. The effort in every phase of musical creation and practice is to extend the domain of musical expression to the utmost possible limits. What many of us deem the extravagances and perversities of the

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extreme modernist schools are to be explained by this motive; with some exceptions perhaps they must be acknowledged to be sincere and forward-looking. In view of all this, the time when a musician could wisely disregard the other cultural currents which were flowing around him is past, never to return.

It is not easy for the young musical student, absorbed in the severe and protracted technical drill which must be the foundation of his success, to realize this fact of the interrelationship between musical culture and other cultures. Or if he does realize the fact, it is much easier for him to see its application to the composer's and the critic's business than to that of the pianist or the singer. And yet he will find, if he takes heed, that the best minds among practical members of the profession are constantly urging upon him that he emancipate himself from bondage to his craft and attend to the enlargement of his intellectual sympathies. In reading the testimonies of famous pianists, violinists, and singers concerning their art, nothing is more striking than their frequent emphasis upon all-round intelligence and breadth of interest. David Bispham, in his enumeration of the factors of adequate vocal interpretation, puts second, after natural aptitude, general education and culture. Emil Sauer says: "The child who is designed to become a concert pianist should have the broadest possible culture. He must live in the world of art and letters. The wider the range of his information, experience, and sympa-

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thies, the larger will be the audience he will reach when he comes to talk to them from the concert platform."

Teresa Careño, considered by many the greatest woman pianist of recent times, declared that musical talent is not enough — pupils must be brought "to appreciate the beautiful and romantic in this wonderful world of ours"; the performer's mind must be cultivated by the study of nature, art, science, history, men and women, and she especially urged the constant reading of poetry.

Said that remarkable pianist, de Pachmann: "I have learned to study mankind through the sciences and the great literary treasures. I have drunk the bitter and the sweet from the chalices of life."

Fritz Kreisler writes: "The true concert artist is not worthy of the title unless his art is the outcome of a completely unified nature. [Note the word unified.] Every real artist has the feeling for other forms and mediums of expression if he is truly a master of his own."

Mme. Marcella Sembrich, who is as much admired for her womanly graces as for her supreme artistic accomplishments, affirms that "a singer whose general education has been neglected is in a most unfortunate plight. And by general education is not meant only those academic studies that people learn in schools. The imagination must be stimulated, the heartfelt love for the poetical must be cultivated, and, above all things, the love for nature and mankind must be developed."

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The most emphatic of all such expressions that I have seen is a statement by the famous young Brazilian pianist, Mme. Novaes. After enlarging upon the thought that the artist is a missionary of beauty, and cannot be made by technical methods alone, she says: "Try the experiment in your playing. Fill your soul with the beauty of a wonderful vista, a glorious painting, a noble deed, an inspiring poem, and then play your Chopin nocturne. If you do not note a difference, you had better give up music as a profession. You will never become an instrument of the Almighty in the higher sense."*

I might go on for many pages repeating the admonitions of great artists to beware of the destructive mistake so common among young students of music — that of absorption in technic, imprisonment in a round of exclusive musical study, neglect of interests outside of the routine, indifference to the invitations that are always coming from nature, from art, from literature, from sweet human companionship, from the myriad inspirations streaming in from the vast fluctuating world of human experience. The distinguished authorities whom I have quoted are not talking at random, and they are not to be disregarded. We may not at first see the reasons for their insistence upon studies and appre-

* These words of Mme. Novaes are from an interview in *Musical America*. The preceding quotations are taken from *Great Pianists on Piano Playing*, James Francis Cooke; *Great Singers on the Art of Singing*, James Francis Cooke; and *Violin Mastery*, Frederick H. Martens.

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ciations that seem to be external to the field of music; these precepts would seem obvious if addressed to the painter or poet — they do not appear so obvious when addressed to the musician. But the things which these authorities proclaim as elements in musical power are not external. They bring vibrations to which the musical nature responds. They quicken the mind's activity. As they make sensitiveness to all beauty more delicate and comprehensive, the glow and fervor that ensues will intensify musical expression as inevitably as it would impart its divine fire to words or colors, if either of these were the medium employed. Still more, they enter into the materials of intelligence and character, upon which the foundations of personality are laid. Let this truth be bound about the heart of every student of music: *The success in the musical life that is permanent and grows steadily to the end does not depend only, or even chiefly, upon technical skill or musical knowledge — it depends upon intelligence and character.* The world will accept the great geniuses for their art contribution alone, but the general mass of musical performers, leaders, and teachers will find an influential place in society only in proportion as they act helpfully along the lines which the common weal pursues. Behind the art must be a rich artistic nature, which gathers into itself every influence by which it may be fed. "The value of art is a social value." It must find the same direction that is pursued by all noble impulses. The strongest minds of our day

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are engaged in breaking down the barriers that were once artificially maintained between art and religion, and between art and science. This the musician, as well as the craftsman in other fields of art, must understand, not only for the sake of general intellectual enlightenment, but also in the interest of his own special pursuit. This principle will find illustration even in the highest grades of musical creation. It is a common opinion that the great composers were men completely absorbed in music, indifferent to intellectual affairs other than their own. Undoubtedly the musician in earlier times lived in many instances a walled-in life. Since his social position was generally an inferior one, skill in his art was all that was expected of him. But in regard to the musician of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, a great change appears. It is extremely interesting to note some of the ways in which some of the great masters found both inspiration and intellectual pleasure: Beethoven in contact with nature in the woods and fields, as well as in the perusal of certain notable works of literature; Brahms in nature, books, and art; Schumann in literature; Saint-Saëns in scientific as well as literary studies; Schubert, Chopin, and Wagner in human companionship (Wagner's reading also was very extensive); Liszt, by keeping in touch with the world of action as well as with the world of imagination, nothing that was human seeming to be alien to him. The leading composers of the present day are, one might safely say, without

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exception, broadly cultivated men. Mr. James Francis Cooke, who is as competent to speak on the subject as any man, makes the same assertion in respect to the great pianists. He instances a few exceptions, but these very exceptions, although Mr. Cooke does not say it, nor mention their names, are instructive on this very point, since none of them, although highly endowed with musical genius, have been able to gain the esteem, simply as pianists, that is enjoyed by many of their confrères. Personal magnetism, which some of these artists possess in a remarkable degree, is certainly not dependent upon culture, perhaps not at all affected by it, but long continued and steadily growing success is, I am sure, sustained by many acts and habits and ideas which proceed from intelligence, reason, and breadth of mind. Men like Paderewski, Kreisler, Edward H. Sothorn do not owe their eminence to physical or emotional qualities alone. They do not require extensive learning outside the matters of their special profession, but I think it safe to say that the regular growth and the maintenance of the freshness of their powers require a constant revitalization, and since the faculties employed in professional activity demand frequent relief from strain, this revitalization must come from sources that lie outside. It is plain that this is equally true of those who are still in the student grade.

Everything beautiful and noble that we see or hear leaves an impress; it enters into the texture of the mind, and whatever issues from the mind

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takes color, however slight, from it. We are more receptive to the next visitation. The more we see or read of goodness and high purpose, the more we become inclined to virtue and aspiration, and if we have cultivated the appreciation of excellence in the works of nature and man, we shall realize ever more distinctly that sweetness and tenderness and moral energy and generous passion may be symbolized in music; and the more our minds are imbued with the glory of these things, the more we shall make an effluence from them pass into our work as players or singers, and shine forth in some subtle influence that will be caught by at least the sensitive spirits in our auditory. It seems to me that no argument is needed to prove that one who is broadly intelligent, and whose emotional nature has been enlivened by a desire for beauty and all forms of creative energy wherever they are displayed, will have something in his musical delivery that is not found in the performance of one who is content to remain shallow in mind, indifferent to the wonderful play of life around him. For no one can succeed in music, any more than in any other art, unless he has a good thinking brain, trained to observe and to select the impressions, ideas, and examples by which a strong individuality and a strong artistic consciousness are built up. It may be, as some psychologists seem to hold, that the seat of musical consciousness and impulse is in a special faculty separate from all other mental activities, hence capable of high development apart

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from that of the logical intellect or moral character. I think every one will agree that any student who accepts this view and acts upon it is taking a hazardous chance. For the musical faculty (if I may use that unscientific but convenient word) is not ultimate and final. Something lies beneath, and it is also in that mysterious arcana that other instincts and energies are rooted. "It takes a great deal of life to make a little art," said de Musset, and this may be accepted as true of the art of the interpreter as of that of the creative genius. Let us believe, as I have all along been indicating, that performance is a creative as well as a re-creative act. The performer's personality, compounded of many ingredients, enters into it. The listener hears the issue of a multitude of delicate and complex forces, some inherited, some acquired, which are combined in a way not precisely duplicated in any other individual. Whenever I am about to hear a new player or singer, I feel a curiosity that is positively exciting. It will be something unlike my previous experiences. It may be a discovery, possibly a revelation.

XVI

From time to time there occur events which flash upon those who are alert a fresh conviction of the depth and splendor of the significance which re-creative art in its higher exhibitions may afford. On such occasions the world pays homage not only to the art, but also to the spiritual somewhat which

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is behind the art, without which art that is truly great does not exist. That somewhat is character, conviction, consecration. It is in all those artists who have won the lasting affection of the world.

In the summer of 1922 Enrico Caruso died at Naples. He was accorded funeral honors such as are paid to kings, national heroes, and beloved presidents. Messages of respect and sorrow came from rulers, statesmen, and artists from all over the world. Caruso was an opera singer, an entertainer if you please. That statement does not explain Caruso or his place in the affection of the world. The extraordinary tributes offered him had a three-fold impulse — they were paid to the art of song, to Caruso the singer, and to Caruso the man. In the expressions of praise which came from his personal friends more was said of his kindness, his tenderness, his genial humor, his lavish generosity, his great, warm heart than was said of his matchless singing. And I am very sure that the power and sweetness of Caruso's voice and his supreme technical mastery would not have produced the effect upon his audience that they did if he had been a man selfish, cold, grasping, and unsympathetic. The quality which so moved the hearts of his hearers was something of which he was not conscious, for it was the spontaneous, unpremeditated outflow of his genial, sensitive, loving, and lovable personality.

One of the noteworthy musical events of 1922 was the return of Ignaz Paderewski to the concert

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stage. One evening I saw an audience of nearly ten thousand in the Public Hall of Cleveland rise to their feet when Paderewski came upon the platform. So it was wherever he appeared. That is not the custom at piano recitals. To whom was this extraordinary honor shown? To Paderewski the pianist? No — to Paderewski the man. It was paid to the Polish patriot, the man who sacrificed ease, health, his fortune, and even put his fame in jeopardy, that he might relieve the distress of his stricken fellow countrymen.

On the occasion of this visit to Cleveland, Paderewski met Mr. Newton Baker, who as Secretary of War in 1917 and 1918 had given substantial encouragement to the Polish master in his patriotic efforts. After the cordial greeting Paderewski said: "Why do you stay in Cleveland?" "Cleveland has long been my home," replied Mr. Baker; "I love my quiet life; public life involves much suffering." "Yes," said Paderewski, "suffering and sacrifice — that is life."

When the announcement was made that Paderewski contemplated the revival of his art as a concert pianist, it was the belief of many that the stern experiences through which he had passed would prove to have lent a deeper fervor, a more moving appeal, to his playing. That it seemed so to those who had heard him in earlier days cannot have been an illusion.

The art of the Paderewskis and Carusos is the reverberation of all that has touched the finer

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essence of their souls. The science and the technic (if one may be allowed the figure) may be called the foundation tones; while out of the fancies, the reveries, the raptures, the sorrows come what may be called spiritual overtones which will stir those hearers who have the ears to hear as with mysterious, magical vibrations.

Those who have ears to hear — a chapter might be written on that. How many followers of music there are who understand neither its thunder-words nor its still, small voice!

“Music is a revelation” said Beethoven, and every inspired composer, every inspired performer, and every inspired listener echoes that confession. It is the consciousness of this that has drawn to music the love and reverence of mankind. And it is this, supremely this, which gives music that singular power which holds the allegiance of thoughtful men and women into the later years when early illusions have been left behind, and the light and trivial things of life have lost their charm.

“Gounod,” says Mme. Emma Eames, “believed in the cultivation of reverence for one’s art, as the religious devotee has reverence for his cult. If one cannot look upon the work one is engaged upon with the greatest earnestness and respect — if one cannot feel that the work is worthy of one’s deepest reverence, one can accomplish little. If you can make your musical work a cult as Gounod did, if you have talent, vision — ah! how few have vision, how few can really and truly see! — if you have the

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understanding which comes through vision, there is no artistic height which you may not climb." *

One of the biographers of Rodin says: "Each of Rodin's statues is a state of soul." It is true. And it is also true that every real work of art is a state of soul, for the love of the artist has entered into it, and the life it contains is not the life he copies but the life he imparts. It is intimately so with music. Every fine piece of music is a state of soul. With this apprehension we must listen to it. Not as a mere succession of pleasant sounds, as some hear it and forget when the sounds have died; not as an exhibition of skill in harmony or counterpoint or orchestration or the technic of a performer; but as the utterance of something in the soul which existed before the musical piece came into being. It is both a call and the answer to the call. The composition is a bit of the composer's inner life; the player or singer adds to it a bit of his life, a bit of the hearer's life rises to meet it, and the music becomes a three-fold expression.

XVII

In searching for the explanation of music's weird, arbitrary power which has so long puzzled the philosophers, I have fancied at times that I had caught a glimpse of the secret in my acquaintance with students as well as in my study of those we call the masters. More than once, in listening to

* *Great Singers on the Art of Singing*, James Francis Cooke.

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some young player or singer, I have detected an indescribable something in the inflection or timbre of the voice, or in the touch upon the keys, which both charmed and startled me — a grace, a thrill, a vivid penetrating gleam of tenderness or passion or pathos which I was sure was not consciously contrived by the performer. It may not have been caught by other ears, but to me it was like a spirit voice calling to me out of the silence of the unknown. So it seemed to me, and by following this mysterious leading by means of personal acquaintance I have often — I think I may say in every case — discovered a deep, sensitive, poetic nature, proving to my mind that the eloquent musical effect which had stirred the response in me was the authentic witness of an element in the young musician's soul yearning for expression and finding it in the elusive medium of sound. Such intuitions never come from a shallow, insincere character; and the belief in their reality is not the sentimental coinage of my brain. One who has learned to expect them will at rare moments perceive them in the tone of voice or instrument, in the glance of an eye, the movement of a hand. There are fibres of exquisite delicacy connecting souls with kindred souls, and the message once heard is never lost.

Wonderful, is it not, that the spiritual power which art possesses through sound and movement is often imparted as well as received by those who, because of their youth, have experienced but little of what we — not knowing the meaning of the

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word — commonly call life. That this is so carries with it a problem which invites into strange and fascinating speculations. It is the mystery of inheritance from unnumbered generations, and of the nature of personal influence — that is to say, insoluble. As I have intimated from the beginning, the ultimate secret of music lies in the hidden recesses of the human spirit. What lurks in those dim regions we have hardly yet begun to learn. Now and then faint flashes come like the soundless lightning of summer whose source is below the horizon.

Among the youthful unconscious initiates whom I have in mind there was one, no longer in this world, who gave me in words, as well as in her playing, a hint of the truth I had long been seeking. She had gone to New York in order to continue her studies, and in writing of the varied means of culture afforded by that imperial city she said: "I am feeding my soul, and at the same time training my fingers, my instruments, to reveal the secrets of that soul." And in another letter she wrote: "I have come to feel that there must be some tiny seeds of power buried somewhere in my nature, and now that I know that they are there I am eager to nourish their growth, and perhaps transplant them into the lives of others."

Nothing can be taken from those confessions, and nothing needs to be added. My revered young friend, at the age of twenty-two, was very near to the sources. There were presences beside her which

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she did not know, but she had heard their voices and given heed to their commands. If she had lived she may or may not have become the pianist she aspired to be. It does not greatly matter. She had already gained the prize which, after all, is the only prize worth trying for. Her beautiful art was the projection of a soul beautiful by nature, made still more lovely by the illumination of a noble purpose. She was already deserving of the exalted name of artist. For the artist is one who adds a certain amount of life, be that amount little or much, to the life already known to men. All who make their lives beautiful and by any means increase the beauty and happiness of the world, may claim that title of nobility.

XVIII

Thus we are led by many converging ways back to the question of supreme practical importance to teachers and students — can expression be taught? The answer depends upon what we mean by expression, how far we make a distinction between expression and technic, or whether we make any distinction at all. Mr. Henry T. Finck, in his *Musical Progress*, insists that there is a technic for expression as there is a technic for digital dexterity, and that one is as much within the province of the teacher as the other. He does not seem to consider technic and expression identical; he simply asserts that the elements upon which the player relies for

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expression — viz., tone beauty, shading, modifications of tempo, phrasing, pedalling — can be taught. I think that Mr. Finck would agree that when these things come into a piano lesson beyond the mere observance of the printed signs, it is the conception of the instructor that is taught — nothing more. There are delicate matters of touch in all its modifications — the study of a lifetime. Pianists, the best of them, differ greatly in the quality of their touch. Individuality is displayed there; but touch to a certain extent can be taught. The pupil, if he is intelligent, may be made to feel that piano playing that does not produce beautiful sound is as worthless as salt without its savor. As for the more specific agencies of expression, *tempo rubato*, shading, etc., the teacher suggests or decides just where and in what degree they should be employed in the particular composition in hand. To this extent they can be taught. But the teacher may be a genius, or a doctrinaire, or a dry pedant — the expression he teaches will be that which he himself is capable of feeling. Suppose he is a genius — another genius will prescribe a different rendering of the same passage. Only general laws can be taught. It is in playing as it is with harmony. Harmony can be taught, but not the harmony of a Grieg or a César Franck. Expression can be taught, but not the expression of a Paderewski, or an Ysaye, or an Eleanora Duse. Great playing or singing, like great acting, is not merely re-creative, it comes from a creative intelligence. Wagner said of Liszt's play-

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ing of Beethoven that it was not merely reproduction, it was original creation. And yet Liszt took no liberties with Beethoven's ideas. The great end and aim of the student should be to develop the intelligence, the imagination, and the feeling-tone of his nature to such a degree that he is always sounding new depths of musical beauty and truth and bringing to light new treasures. So far as he does this he is an artist. He need not be one of the applauded experts to whom the name is usually restricted. Wherever there is an individual vision, wherever there is anything constructive, wherever there is a going-out of the soul of the agent so that he moulds his material into accord with his own love and desire, there is art. The expression that counts in so-called reproductive art is self-expression — it is creative expression.

Music is a succession of beautiful sounds, arranged in a systematized pattern. When we undertake to describe a piece of music as an objective phenomenon, we can do no more than enlarge upon that definition. But music as it is felt is more than that. The listener's impression is affected by his mental and emotional character, as well as by his sensitiveness to delicate tone values, and therefore no two persons hear music in exactly the same way. The listener is to a certain extent a creative listener. For the same reason the expression given by a player or singer is creative expression. To Whitman's statement that "music is what awakes from you when you are reminded by the instruments"

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may be added — and what awakes from the performer. The teacher certainly can help this awaking. He can show that while all music must be beautiful in its performance there are various kinds of beauty. Every worthy composition has not merely a general beauty, but also a characteristic beauty. Where the piece manifests or calls forth a clearly realized mood, such as gaiety, tenderness, languor, melancholy, agitation, exaltation of spirit, the stress of passion; or is simply abstract, idealized motion in steps of majesty or curves of airy grace — whatever the suggestion may be, the teacher can help the novice to grasp the special character more firmly in his mind, can stimulate where there is apathy, or repress exaggeration.

Nevertheless, in spite of the best efforts of the teacher, the response on the pupil's part will often be only mechanical attempts at imitation. In the last resort the pupil must minister to himself. Expression becomes creative when the full life of the senses and the imagination runs over into tone. Then with ample technical equipment, which, as I have said, means the removal of obstructions which would otherwise impede the vital current, the disciple enters upon the Noble Twofold Way which leads into the celestial Kingdom of Art. Let us never forget the precept of my lamented young artist friend, and feed our souls while we train our fingers to reveal the soul's secret longings. For what is the utmost training of the fingers worth if the soul is unfed?

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Great is the Art of Music ! But back of it, arousing it, drawing it forth from a vague, inarticulate mass of intuitions and longings, moulding it into form and inspiring it with self-conscious purpose, is the one supreme, universal, irrepressible impulse of Life to discover itself and renew its activity in the souls of men.

CHAPTER IV

THE JOY OF THE MUSICAL LIFE

AN OLD TEACHER'S COUNSEL TO YOUNG
MUSICIANS

I

To one who has spent a long lifetime in the service of art, the sight of young enthusiasts setting out upon a similar venture is a source of almost pathetic interest. The musical profession contains such dire possibilities of disappointment and such splendid possibilities of joy, hopes fulfilled are so radiant, disillusion if they come are so complete, and compensation so hard to find! I am going to try to show that there need be no disillusion if one enters upon the musical life with a right conception of the meaning of art, and an accurate understanding of one's own powers and of the needs of the community in which one lives. I shall maintain that the true motive is analogous to that of a religious teacher. The motive, if a worthy one, includes the desire to bestow as well as the desire to obtain. This double desire has for its object the elevated pleasure which beauty confers, which glorifies the inward life and relieves the routine of the life outside of its dullness and parsimony. It calls forth a devotion which is creative within and

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without; which enlightens as well as augments the forces of the spirit. There is no need for me to demonstrate the proposition that the aim of art is to give pleasure through beauty. The writers on æsthetics have taken care of that, and the truth has become a commonplace. It is only necessary to know that there are many forms and degrees of pleasure, and that for certain forms and degrees the words happiness and blessedness are synonymous. The spirit of Beauty joins hands with its sisters, Truth and Goodness, and leads humanity in the same direction as they. Its ministers, like the Three Singers in Longfellow's poem, are commissioned:

"To charm, to strengthen, and to teach."

Their voices are heard in places of worship, in the busy haunts of trade, in the secret communings of the heart. Of all the forms which they assume, there is one which is instinctively accepted at every period of life from infancy to old age, in every circumstance, and under the stress of every emotion — one that is universal — and that one is Music.

The musical life, ideally conceived and directed, may not bring what the world calls success in terms of money or celebrity, but it brings returns that endure and satisfy. The words success and failure are often misapplied. These terms are relative, not absolute. One may overrate one's talents and come short of one's expectations; but sincerity and de-

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termination, coupled with a certain wisdom of adaptation to one's environment, always bring a profit which makes a life devoted to the culture and extension of musical beauty eminently worth living. What are some of the features of that profit I am going to try to show.

II

The interest which a veteran feels as he watches the ever-replenished stream of volunteers for the musical profession is, as I said, a pathetic interest. But it is not pathetic because of any mood like that which Longfellow indulges in his well-known poem called "Weariness," where he foresees for young hands the ache which his hands have known, and in young hearts the ashes which are all that remains to him of the high passions of his youth. Such a conclusion, if sincere, comes of weakness of faith, and if an affectation is positively ignoble. I should not mention it if it were not for the fact that you are likely to hear a good deal of such croaking in the years to come. I find it constantly in weak-spirited poetry, books, and magazine articles, written by men and women who have never learned that one cannot know anything of life except through courageous action. Every young person needs to be warned against it. If the exercise of one's best faculties of brain and heart, in art or science or whatever direction, is felt to be creative — as any one can learn that it must be — then

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one should go on to the end gathering life and not spending or laying it waste. If any one engaged in the study and practice of art does not discover this, it is because the conception of art is narrow and distorted; the motive has some kind of expediency or vanity about it: it has no religious or humanitarian quality. If the art is conceived on the highest plane, and is the expression of a buoyant, expansive nature, then the experience will be a joyous one because it will be fresh, vital, stimulating, self-renewing. Notice the word I use — it must be an *experience*, not a formality, a profession accepted on authority. It must be something lived, not merely affirmed. Art embraces a host of invigorating relations, and allies itself with every element in human progress. It puts ideals and attainments into forms so definite and active that they afford clearly realized starting-points as well as landmarks. That is to say, every true work of art bears within itself the seeds of further growth. This is as true of the production of a novice who can but imperfectly realize his vision, as it is for that of one who is able to display the garnered fruits of mature genius. Bertrand Russell has said: "Men's impulses and desires may be divided into those that are creative and those that are possessive. The best life is that in which creative impulses play the largest part and possessive impulses the smallest. . . . The typical creative impulse is that of the artist."* The average under-

* *Why Men Fight.*

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standing limits the term artist, in the musical sphere, to the composer. I refuse so to limit it. Every one who plays a piece or sings a song worthily, one who efficiently conducts an orchestra or chorus, one who gives a music lesson intelligently, one who throws new light upon a work of art by his criticism, not only injects a portion of his own personality into the composition, making it in however slight a degree fresh and new, but he has added to the consciousness of beauty that existed in the world. It has happened again and again that a fine work has failed at the first performance because a routine, unimaginative conductor, instead of pouring vitality into it, vampire-like drew vitality out of it. A real interpretation is doubly creative: the conductor's brain collaborates with the brain of the composer in shaping the work as it is offered to the ear, and arouses in the listener's mind new power of perception in regard to the particular composition of the moment, and in preparation for those that may follow. So may criticism be creative, when the reader acquires new principles and new joy as aspects before unseen are revealed to him. One who reads such critical works as *The Renaissance*, by Walter Pater; *Musicians d'Aujourd'hui*, by Romain Rolland; and *Plays, Acting, and Music*, by Arthur Symonds, will perceive the truth of this statement. Performing, conducting, teaching, and expounding, all come under the head of art because they are constructive; they add to the store of living human experience

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I am not using the word creative in a figurative sense; I am using it in a literal sense. Many who are engaged in what is called the practical work of the profession do not realize that their daily occupation is creative. They are content with a more humble appellation. They ascribe the honor of creation only to the composer, but a little reflection would remind them that there is a large amount of musical composition that is utterly devoid of originality, really less creative than the playing of a pianist like Rubinstein or the conducting of a man like Arthur Nikisch. Wagner's book *On Conducting* — which, by the way, is as instructive to a pianist as to a conductor — is illuminating on this point. Even an ordinary player or conductor will often reveal a beauty which is indeed latent in the work in hand, but would lie unsummoned if the interpreter had not put against it something built of his own imagination and self-knowledge. An interpreter must not only know a great deal about music, he must also know himself. And this, because he impresses himself upon every work he renders. Submission to the laws on which great art has always rested, imaginative insight, reverence, passionate love of beauty in all its forms tempered by awe before art's mystery — how can all this be revealed to those who wait upon the interpreter's act unless he has it in himself, and knows that he has it and how it may be developed to ever larger issues? Through reactions and interactions art goes on winning new territory of human

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feeling. The composers endow the performers and expounders, and these in turn stimulate the composers by means of suggestion of new effects and problems. Art thus makes progress, although it has often seemed, as it seems to many at the present day, to be retrograding. But art never really retrogrades. When it seems exhausted it is simply hesitating before deciding upon new directions and modes of procedure. Later, or in another field or country, it will suddenly display its old energy. I believe that to-day music is gathering its forces for advance, not because composers of original power are in evidence (for that is a matter of dispute) but because of the unprecedented array of highly trained, serious, and active performers, critics, directors, and teachers, bent on enlarging the bounds of knowledge and enterprise and on raising the public to higher conceptions of the dignity of their art. I offer this as an inspiration. Every recruit is needed; no one is so weak that he cannot add some strength to this prolific, renovating world-force.

III

I congratulate those newly ordained to the ministry of musical art on the promising opportunities that lie before them. Having chosen the musical vocation out of other possibilities after many cautious hesitations, and having been an eye-witness of the amazing growth of musical education and taste in this country during the past few decades, I

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feel qualified to draw the balance among the profits and penalties of the profession with a good deal of authority. If its early promises had been illusions I should have found that out long ago, and I trust I am honest enough to refrain from encouraging others to enter it if its joys had not far outweighed its pains. It is, indeed, known to every one that the path that leads to achievement in art is thickly beset with impediments, discouragements, and griefs. No one ever conquers its oppositions without incessant toil, stern resolution, and the most exacting kind of self-denial. Art offers glorious prizes, but only the heroic temper ever wins them. That is no reason for hesitation — precisely the reverse, for in addition to the joy of creation there is the joy of conquest. Those who never become disheartened are those who have no high ideals. There is no creation unless there is resistance, and the joy of attainment is generally in proportion to the stiffness of the struggle. No really strong nature is ever content with easy victories.

This is enough to say about the hardships. Those who are of vigorous, optimistic nature will hardly be aware that they are hardships because they offer the excitement of a real fight, and those of more timorous disposition need only to be reminded that most of the terrors of life are bogeys that shrink away when they are resolutely faced. Bunyan's Pilgrim was much frightened by the fierce lions at the entrance to the House Beautiful, but he soon discovered that they were chained and harmless.

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I would not, certainly, promise any follower of the musical life exemption from fears and afflictions, but so abundant are its pleasures, so caressing are its charms that I am almost ready to say of music as one of Dryden's characters sings of love:

"Pains of love be sweeter far
Than all other pleasures are."

Art is shaping energy, free mental activity; its justification is not in the means it affords to man for self-realization but in the happiness it confers. It is health and growth; it works in alliance with nature in the endless activity of evolution. Sweep the eye over the whole vast phenomenon of the world's art and one is thrilled by a sense of the prodigious rapture of it. It tells of courage, hope, and life, never of defeat and death. The one lesson of its tragedies is the greatness of the human soul. The consciousness of increase in the world's store of beauty and joy is with every one who strives valiantly in art's cause; with Beethoven in his triumphant creations, with a resolute, aspiring pianist, with one of less brilliant gifts who as a teacher in some little town is faithfully tending the fields where the buds of musical promise are unfolding. To co-operate with the masters of art in swelling the spiritual forces in human life — what an enticing invitation! No disappointment need ensue unless one misconceives the nature and special opportunities of the rôle. Of course I assume some de-

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gree of aptitude on the part of the candidate. There must be some evidence of fitness beyond a mere love of the subject. But I maintain that there are certain moral qualifications to which great importance should be attached. They may even outweigh brilliant musical gifts if these are attended by infirmity of will or a selfishness that prevents social approbation. The invitation of the Muse is not confined to those who possess the assurance of winning wealth or glory: it comes to any one who has the power through any form of musical activity of making some positive contribution to the nobler experiences of men.

It is plain to me that the chief satisfaction afforded by the musical life is in the fact that its labors are not means to the attainment of happiness, but they are happiness itself. The mind of the music maker may be said to move habitually in harmony — musically in the large, ancient Greek meaning of the word. It is in sensitive vibration, responding to impulsions constantly flowing in upon it from art, from nature, from human companionship. Beauty is an element in the atmosphere by which it lives. Comparative emoluments are not easy to determine; the scientist and the philosopher — seekers after what is called truth — would probably refuse to estimate their privilege as less than that of the man who makes it his life business to create or discover beauty and win hearts to her. Nevertheless, while the glimpse of a generalization not heretofore recognized for its real value, or the

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discovery of a new fact or law in nature, brings a reward which is worth every sacrifice, the presence of beauty is greeted with a peculiar throb of exultation because we conceive that the loveliness is inherent in the object itself and not merely in our feeling toward it. Hence there springs in us a feeling toward the object which is very much like love. I can understand the passion of scientific research, but the investigator would hardly say that he loves his fossil or his chemical compound, while no one imagines any absurdity in saying that he loves a song by Schubert or a landscape by Corot. I am willing to admit, on strict psychological grounds, that the beauty is in our feeling, not inherent in any constitution of the object which analysis can reach; practically, however, there is no harm done when we impulsively attribute to the joy-giving work a quality that is independent of the recipient's mind, that would exist if no conscious recipient were present, an essence implanted in it by the artist who created it and whose expression it is. I am willing to admit, following the argument of Mr. Henry Rutgers Marshall,* that the tendency of men generally to look for the characteristic marks of beauty in objects or objective conditions, rather than in their own pleasure-reactions, is an error, but I feel sure that there is an added pleasure in the illusion, if it be an illusion, when our love for the song or the picture passes on in grateful affection to Schubert or Corot. The beautiful thing

* *The Beautiful*, Part I.

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comes to us like a letter from a friend. It is a ministering angel. We find something of our own nature reflected in it. Our love for it is constant. It grows in its influence with our growth. It shares our variations of mood. It stimulates our flagging spirit; it restrains our excess; it counsels and it consoles. It is beauty incarnate, and beauty is very generous. She comes all the way. We are not obliged to overcome her unless perchance she holds back for a little until our worthiness is assured. We have only to recognize her for what she is. From our first eager step into her presence she reveals herself as freely as the sunlight. The ways she shows us are ways of pleasantness and all her paths are peace.

I know that I am speaking the words of a sentimentalist and not those of a logical æsthetician. But the systematic psychologist may convince me; he does not satisfy me. Love is what I want; I can love a Raphael Madonna, but I cannot *love* my state of mind. The members of the trinity of Beauty, Truth, and Goodness, whose pursuit includes the whole spiritual activity of man, must have some common bond. What can that common bond be but Love, with Joy its outcome? It will be noticed that in speaking of the return made us by the musical life I use the word joy, not pleasure. It is, of course, the province of art to confer pleasure — pleasure that endures; but in view of its frequent connotations the word pleasure does not cover the higher gratification which so tremendous

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an issue as the choice of a life-work demands. Pleasure, as commonly understood, is temporary, while joy indicates a permanent attitude of mind. Pleasure is an incident or an accident, joy is a quality. Pleasure comes from without, joy has its seat within. Pleasure is something deliberately sought after, and we usually go outside our regular course of life to find it. Joy is or should be the natural result of the regular course of life itself. Joy is a consequence of living well, while pleasure often draws one away from one's normal and wholesome way of living. So when we say that a certain man is a pleasure seeker we do not use the term as one of praise; but if we say that one is a joy seeker there is nothing disparaging in the suggestion. Such an expression, however, is not commonly used, for joy is not pursued for its own sake as something detached and exceptional; it is the natural issue of a vital process. Love of intellectual or moral beauty is like a state of bodily health or affection for one's home and family — it is an abiding presence, producing no agitations or reactions, but giving color and sweetness to the ordinary incidents of every day. Pleasure is hunted as an acquisition and it may elude the pursuer altogether, or if grasped it is only for a time and may leave us jaded and unsatisfied. Pleasure is egoistic, but joy is so much a part of one's very being that it communicates itself spontaneously. Joy may even be found amidst pain and affliction, for it is the result of that large vision which perceives the true signifi-

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cance of life, and helps one to rise above one's own individual griefs and anxieties and come face to face with universal relations. In fact, joy is always an evidence of a right attitude toward the world, and is a sure sign of moral health and progress.

The study of art is the quest of that inner life which is hidden from those who are only casual observers of those manifestations of power that are ever within the reach of their survey, and the outcome is a keener sense of the spiritual energy which works in everything that grows or is the evidence of growth. The result to the art lover is a joy which is a token of the same spiritual force acting within us, which gives work a zest that does not pall, and keeps life fresh and youthful, unchecked by the friction of time.

IV

In promising young musicians a joyful life in the practice of their art, I have in mind the two kinds of experience of which it will be composed. There is the active, toilsome process of composing, or teaching, or public performance, or conducting — a process that is directed outward; and there is the experience of quiet acceptance, when the currents of musical sound flow in upon you or when you regather them in memory and reflect upon the messages they bring. There is little need to expatiate upon the pleasures of the receptive hours, when skilled hands or voices translate the sublime visions of the masters for your eager ears, or of the

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refreshments of the hours of contemplation and dream. But the joys of the active musical life, especially of teaching or the business of musical management, are not so obvious. It is pathetic to hear the laments of earnest musicians over the dullness and indolence of pupils and the frivolity of the public. But if I could convince you that no faithful work is ever really lost, because art in its propagation as well as in its inception is always creative, you would never quite lose heart. The two experiences, the active and the contemplative, blend. There is a wonderful inspiration in this belief. Each of the two phases of consciousness imparts life to the other, and wherever life is felt in its forward and enlarging movement, there is joy accompanying it. I have heard that it has been said that Joy is the most ancient of the gods. There is an everlasting truth in that idea. Life, creative energy, is joy in its upspringing and in its progress. Spring seems to us pre-eminently the joyous season, not because the sun is brighter than at other times, the wind fresher, and the sky clearer, but because nature is seen to be exhibiting the exultant push of reviving power. It is life that calls to us in every leaf and bird song, and the life that beats in our veins seems to us not merely a response to the life around us, but an actual part of it. If Michelangelo's "Creation of Man" is the greatest picture in the world, as some believe it to be, it is because it symbolizes with consummate power the grandest idea that can be embodied in

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art. When Michelangelo conceived and executed his picture he was in co-operation with the supreme creative thought. His payment was not in the stipend from Pope Julius or the admiration of the public, but in the act itself. Every true artist, great or small, has a joy like that of parenthood. It is enough if he can say of the child of his brain as Touchstone says of his rustic sweetheart: "A poor thing, but — my own." So with a pianist or singer who reproduces a work of musical art when he makes it his own vision by adoption and charges it with his own desire. The work is not the same with him as it is when performed by another. It is worked over by the special emotion and will that make him the particular man he is. It has become a part of his personality. He has also added another increment to the life of every one of his hearers. He has performed a creative deed. He is raised for the moment above the common state of man.

The performer, the conductor, or the teacher may not realize that he is exercising creative power — perhaps such an idea never entered his head — but that is exactly what he is doing, and that explains a large part of his delight in his work. His immediate conscious purpose is simply to get the thing done as well as possible, but there is a deeper purpose operating through him of which he is not aware, unless some philosopher convinces him. We are all like Faust — a god resides within our breast; a spiritual energy drives us on to ever-

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renewed activity when ease and comfort would dissuade us; we are always reaching out to something beyond, we know not what and we know not why. Even success, as Whitman says, by a law of our nature makes a greater struggle necessary.

“There is no peace in any human soul,
Nor any rest from dreams that whip and drive;
Set to no fixed desire or conscious goal,
Eternally the spirit still must strive.
A god indwelling breathes upon the coal,
And keeps the flame unquenchably alive.”*

This energy which moves in rhythm and joy is not a vain repetition of previous efforts; we strive not as those who beat the air. With such exercise our power increases, every achievement is an advance, others catch from us inspiration and become creative in their turn.

V

I have called the experience of musical beauty which the musician as music lover constantly enjoys a passive experience — receptive, contemplative, reflective. So far as his immediate perception of it goes it is so, but actually it is at once attended with new outreachings and stirrings of the understanding and the will, which are impatient until they have given birth to some form of activity. For my own part, after hearing fine music, I do not

* Ted Robinson, *The Flame*, in the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*.

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feel that the incident is closed. There has been a mental disturbance which does not easily die down, but moves restlessly in search of some other exciting object. Every impression leaves us more sensitive to the next impression, and produces a stronger reaching out after another quickening contact. In course of time the mind becomes so responsive that it is in a perpetual state of readiness, and expectation becomes an habitual mental attitude.

People suppose that there is a separation between art and ordinary life, that when we read a poem or visit an art gallery or hear music we detach ourselves from the steady current of the life from which our subsistence is derived and lose ourselves in a world that is not our own. As though art were an evasion, a distraction, at best a relief. But it is not so. A true lover of art never escapes from its influence. Its presence is felt in all his working day. He is not the same man in his professional life that he would be if the feeling for beauty were not in him. If we were to question such distinguished business men as Mr. Charles Hutchinson, of Chicago, and Mr. Otto Kahn, of New York — men who are at the same time constant patrons of art for the public benefit — I am sure that they would say that their minds as bankers and their minds as lovers of art are not two minds but one mind, their pursuits as financiers made even more ardent and efficient by the emotional activities which their enthusiasm for ideal aims arouses in them. We feel a certain increase of confidence in

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a politician if we are told that he is a lover of poetry and music and plastic art; while if we learn of another that he has no appreciation of these interests, we feel less confidence of the largeness and liberality of his views on public questions. Sometimes we should be wrong in such judgments, but in many cases we should be right. Loving association with works of art produces a state of mind that is permanent under all ordinary conditions; it conduces to alertness, flexibility, and receptiveness. It enables us to see nature and humanity from many sides; it draws us to the essentials rather than to the accidentals, to the permanent rather than to the temporary. The enjoyment is increased by the pleasure one finds in sharing it with others. It takes one out of one's self. The one who really knows art recognizes its value as social. In the effort to disseminate its benefits, one experiences a tonic moral reaction. It creates new appreciations in oneself. The cultivation of æsthetic taste, instead of tending toward selfish indulgence, as many people suppose, has more commonly, I believe, just the opposite effect. Certainly it is my observation that those to whom art means the most are always impelled to invite others to share the gifts which art has bestowed upon them.

Selfishness in culture does, however, exist, but it is more frequently a class selfishness than individual. There is a social wrong when the blessings of art are unequally distributed. Multitudes are shut out from it through no fault of their own. It does

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not require any effort of sacrifice to carry our zeal for the things of the mind to those who are already prepared to receive them and have the means of approach; but to go out to those that have been disinherited of art and beauty and endeavor to lift them up to our level of understanding is another matter. The bane of art culture has always been the intellectual and class separateness which it has fostered. "The cause of art is the cause of the people," exclaimed William Morris. An enthusiasm for art which is not attended by a longing to make beauty a common possession is an enthusiasm that hardens and contracts the individual life. Joy, as I incessantly declare, is a by-product of the labor of the artist and an associate of the search for beauty, because in both cases a natural creative impulse is at work. But beware of monopolizing it. It flourishes and grows and satisfies only when it is a backward flowing of the joy which we diffuse.

With this warning in mind you may feel it a privilege, as well as a duty, to make it a daily business to develop the tastes which give you access to the treasures of beauty in art and nature which are always open to one who has the key. One whom we call a man of taste is all the time aware of something pure and wholesome hovering about him, weaving a spell that makes his whole life sweeter for its presence. In this view no one is in more fortunate case than the young musician, who adds to the natural exuberance of youth a kindred passion to seize the beautiful conceptions

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that come to him bidden or unbidden, and shape them into new forms of self-expression. Let him not suppose that the laws of his art are forever fixed, its forms and methods finally decreed, and that he finds profit in passive obedience. He too has the right of discovery. The Land of Heart's Desire has never been explored. Whatever he may bring forth through the agency of sound is remoulded into forms touched by a light that never was seen before. It may be a feeble light indeed, but a beautiful new creation if its source is unselfish, reverent, and sincere.

VI

It is not difficult for young musicians generally to accept the doctrine that the work of a player or singer is or may be self-expressive and creative, and much enthusiasm in labor may be derived from that inspiring conception. As a result there may come a further stimulation of the virtuoso passion which is altogether admirable, because without that passion no one ever moved an audience to anything more than a languid acquiescence. A fire is never kindled without heat. But the necessity of teaching, which to most of those who enter the profession is inevitable, seems to many a depressing outlook. The consolation which I venture to offer is that the work of a teacher is also creative and self-expressive.

If any one who is devoted to the intellectual life

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were questioned in regard to the effect of his pursuits upon himself, he would probably find it difficult to decide whether there is the greater pleasure in getting his results or in imparting them to others. Indeed, one can hardly separate the two satisfactions. That no man liveth to himself is not so much the implication of an ethical precept as the statement of a natural fact. Even the most absorbed specialist feels a constant pressure from humanity outside making its claim upon the fruit of his labors. A miser's hoard may be kept hidden and unproductive — a store of knowledge or any mental superiority never. A teacher is one who does recurrently and along organized lines of method what all men are doing, consciously or unconsciously. He is turning a universal instinct into a vocation. He is obeying a social injunction. He is both provoking and answering a need with which he can sympathize because of its identity with needs of his own.

There is much more in the case than instinct or even sense of duty. There are many pleasures incident to the teacher's calling, but I think that the greatest pleasure of all comes from the fact that teaching is self-expression. It is therefore creative and has an affinity with the work of a composer or an interpreter. Why do so many famous singers and players sooner or later become teachers? Doubtless there are various motives — steadier financial returns, comparative freedom from wearing excitement and physical strain, greater oppor-

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tunity for social intercourse and formation of friendships; but these do not explain the enthusiasm which every successful teacher feels. Take the case of Liszt. At the climax of an immensely remunerative career as a concert pianist, he settled down in a little German city upon a comparatively meagre salary, in order that he might compose, conduct, and afterwards teach. For many years he gave instruction to a brilliant group of young pianists, and never took a penny in return. His enjoyment in this was intense. In teaching he was performing a creative act as well as in composing. He was imparting himself, expressing himself. He was moulding plastic young minds into accord with the conceptions and trend of his own genius. His pupils, like his symphonic poems, were his works. At the same time he stimulated their own original productive powers so that they became creators in their turn. This is what every teacher does in greater or less degree. The teacher puts his impress upon the thought of his pupil, adding to the various influences that are acting upon the pupil's mind the power — often the determining directive power — of his own spirit. He sees his own life, continued and productive, multiplying itself in the lives of his followers, to go on divided but undiminished after his toil is ended. This is the joy of teaching, and I know of no more substantial joy.

The knowledge which a teacher communicates is far more than the knowledge which he has methodically acquired. It is knowledge passed

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through his temperament and ruling motives of conduct, colored by his impulses and desires, touched with emotion, winged with the persuasion of love for truth and love for the trustful minds that look to him for guidance. The creative and self-expressive impulse, coupled with a sense of social responsibility, explains the magnificent literature of knowledge which bulks so enormously in the records of all civilized peoples: the prodigious labor involved in such works as Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* and Darwin's *Origin of Species*; in the work of a doomed invalid like John Addington Symonds, whose output, astonishing in quantity as well as remarkable in quality, was the result of a passion for expression as intense as his passion for intellectual acquisition. It is not too much to say that every teacher who appreciates his privilege is actuated by a similar motive. He is of the fellowship of those who create by setting latent powers into productive activity. To any music student whose technic is a disappointment to him, this thought may be offered as a consoling suggestion. He may say: I cannot compose, and alas! I can never be much of a success as a player or singer, but I believe I can make a fairly decent teacher. It is certain that no conscientious, intelligent, and enthusiastic teacher, however obscure he may remain, can ever be accounted a failure. His proper field is probably just where he is. He cannot know to what issues he may be giving the initial push. How many of the names of the first teachers

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of the great masters are known to the world? What matter if they are not known: their work in its outcome was sublime.

VII

In the association of teachers and pupils friendships are formed and abide which no other friendships exceed in tenderness, in intimacy of confidence, and in the spiritual rewards they bring. The unselfishness of the relation lies in the fact that it is not a mere temperamental sympathy but a true comradeship. I mean by comradeship the sense of affectionate co-operation between two persons who are engaged in some pursuit which calls out the individual enthusiasm of each. The essence of it is mutual help in some worthy endeavor, the eyes fixed on some ulterior aim whose importance to the partners transcends even the satisfaction in one another's presence. Thus we speak of comrades in arms — the passion of friendship merged in a still stronger devotion to country or to chief; comrades in missionary or any beneficent social service; comrades in the researches of science; in the creation of art; in the quest of truth in any form; comrades even in the search for pleasure, as in travel or sport. The somewhat delicate problem of friendship between men and women who are not bound together by ties of wedlock or kinship finds frequent and happy solution in comradeship. It will prove one of the most bountiful results of the

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entrance of women into the broad fields of professional enterprise and public service.

One of the strongest ties that can hold men and women together in comradeship is a common love and practice of art. A noteworthy trait of the genuine art spirit is that it is impersonal and disinterested. There is no true comradeship where a love of beauty is not present in some degree; and what a charm there is in that friendship in which a fuller development of the love of beauty is the motive that creates and binds the tie! Beauty and truth are alike in this respect, that no one ever gains a fresh supply of either without a mastering impulse to help another to a similar fortune. I remember that the rivalries among artists are notorious — as they are among literary men, scientists, and religionists — but they exist only where the egotistic and possessive impulse has overcome the creative impulse. When the creative consciousness is kept dominant and pure envies and disparagements are unknown.

The delightfulness of the confiding relation between teacher and pupil consists in its complete forbearance and trust. The only jealousy ever known between them is the jealousy for one another's good name. There is hardly a loyalty more complete than theirs. There are strict demands on both sides, but they are made in the name of a cause to which both bow in reverence. The friendship is all the stronger because it is subordinated to a noble ideal. It is a comradeship like that of

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Arthur's knights in the quest of the Holy Grail. The attitude of the teacher toward art is essentially the same as that of his pupil, for he, too, if he is worthy of his title, is a humble learner to the end. A wise teacher does not ask for admiration; he only asks that he be accepted as a companion on the road that is as toilsome for him as it is for his young disciple. Before them both is the same vision, always smiling, always beckoning, always retreating. In the beautiful memorial to Alice Freeman Palmer by Daniel Chester French, the teacher is the light bearer, gently turning the eager novice in the direction toward which the beams of the lamp are thrown. It is a noble conception, executed with the skill of a master artist; but there is also another side to the matter. The teacher has hours when his responsibility weighs heavily upon him, when his faith in himself falters, when his wisdom seems to him foolishness, his knowledge ignorance, in face of the mysteries and imperatives of life. Then is the time when he longs for the sympathy and confidence of his pupils. It is for them to remind him, not in words perhaps but in behavior, that, as Emerson suggests, it is not only in instruction but in provocation that his service to them lies. If they look to him for inspiration, if they give it to him in turn by their zeal, if they remind him, as he reminds them, that it is in the spirit of the labor more than in the attainment that the honor lies — then are they and he comrades, equals in the eyes of the Higher Law.

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VIII

There is only one warrant which permits one who looks backward over a long musical life to ask for deference in his counsel from one whose gaze is directed forward. There is much complaint nowadays that youth has grown disinclined to feel respect toward age and authority. There is some reason for this reproach, but it is sometimes well to turn the inquiry around, and ask what ground age and official station have for demanding submission. Certainly it is not because they have power of enforcement, or that there is infallibility in tradition. Our epoch is one of unrest, women have been emancipated, the rights of children against exploitation by parents are being recognized, and it is not strange that those who are beginning to think for themselves should be calling upon church and school to substantiate their claim to decide what shall be believed. This tendency need not excite alarm. It requires of the teachers of youth that their judgments be independently gained, that their influence be based on sympathy, tolerance, and the habit of free inquiry which they must exemplify as well as inculcate. Youth is not rebellious when its confidence and respect are gained. The adolescent tendency is still, I believe, often too much in the direction of passive acceptance of inherited prescriptions. Before you adopt principles that assume to be the outcome of experi-

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ence you may rightly inquire how the experience was acquired. What is the "experience" worth of a man who started out with a ready-made creed, and makes it the business of his life to hunt for arguments to bolster his inherited dogma? Such is the case with many who are appointed as guides for the young. We find them in the field of art as well as in the fields of politics and religion. In art conservatism may be safer on the whole than radicalism, but its only valid claim upon adherence exists when it is the result of a thoughtful, liberal comparison of values, ready at any time to move forward alongside the advancing spirit of man.

We should all be builders, but builders of such a sort that when we discover that the facts and theories which we have used as our material are not substantial, we may find it necessary, instead of patching up our edifice with new ones, to pull it down altogether. I am not sure but the life of a wise thinker is a good deal like the play of children, who after they have made their house of blocks knock it down again with equal satisfaction. But after all there is a difference — the wise man looks most anxiously to his foundation. Upon this he carefully works, with the hope that, even if the structure he raises upon it prove insecure, the foundation may stand so firm that another will erect upon it an enduring stronghold.

The teaching of one so actuated is also moral teaching. It seeks not only beauty but truth. The beauty by which it is guided is akin to the

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beauty of holiness. Such a spirit will insure through the longest life a constantly increasing reverence for art, and will inspire reverence in those who study under its instruction. The old man who has kept alive the fervor of his love by constant association with what is invigorating and fair should be well endowed with cheer and counsel for the young adventurer. He can tell where many forms of beauty may be found which might otherwise elude the inexperienced eye. He can quote wise words from other explorers who have called to him cheerily when the path seemed lost. He can weave spells which will clear his young friend's vision, and smooth the ruggedness of the way which lies before. If his words take at times a melancholy cast it will be only because he realizes that there are fields of enchantment in which his feet will never wander, harvests which he will never be permitted to gather. "How little time we have," laments Thomas Mosher, "to work out the immanent beauty which comes at the close and not at the dawn of life." One of the famous singers of the eighteenth century said as he drew near the end of his career: "In this world we shall never learn how to sing. For when we are young we have the voice but not the art, and when we are old we have the art but not the voice."

These seem gloomy conclusions, but in them there is consolation for the veteran as well as encouragement for the novice. Is not the "art," in view of the power of thought and life experience

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gained in acquiring it, a better thing even than the "voice"? Is not the "immanent beauty" apprehended at the close of life still more rewarding than the beauty glimpsed at dawn? And what if it be also a forecast? How do we know that the hues which flash upon our spiritual vision are of sunset and not of sunrise? The neophyte may at least learn from these swan songs that the invitations of art and beauty do not tantalize, their promises are not illusions. If they bring sadness to the gray-haired student, it is because their promises have been so richly fulfilled. It is the one to whom beauty has given much who feels most keenly the force of the ancient lament, *ars longa, vita brevis*. No such consideration dismays the eager youth. To him, with the long vista before him and no terminus in sight, the word brevity conveys no meaning.

For my own part, I have little sympathy with the disconsolate mood of Mr. Mosher and the eighteenth century singer. The blessed feature in the life of a teacher is that the spirit of the young is contagious if he does not stupidly try to keep himself immune. He dreams of perpetual youth, and in his inspired moments he believes in its possibility. It is a belief which the human race has never been quite willing to let go. It haunts the mythologies and folk-lore, and many have caught glimpses of it just above the sunken sun. The Celtic Tyr-nan-og is

"A land where even the old are fair
And even the wise are merry of tongue."

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All of us have at some time sought for the Land of Heart's Desire, and many of us have had the fortune to find it; for we have made the surprising discovery that this fairy realm is close at hand — because it is within ourselves

IX

Age and youth help each other by sympathy and mutual trust. Age needs this encouragement not less than the other, and I am not sure but it needs it more. Oracular persons tell us solemnly that one of the gains of age is that it has escaped from its illusions. On the contrary, this is one of its greatest misfortunes. J. W. Mackail says: "No one [he means no wise man] looking back, ever really regrets one of his own young enthusiasms. It is only the enthusiasms we did not have that we regret." Well, then, let us get them before it is too late. We can borrow them from our young companions. That is the advantage of having young companions. There is often more wisdom in youthful enthusiasms than in the sage conclusions of later years, because the worth of life does not so much consist in what we get out of it as in the high spirit that we put into it. And when our armor has become battered and stained in the long contest, and the thews of our self-confidence have become relaxed, we can renew our forces from the bright examples of courage we are able to gather around us.

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The apparently mournful conclusion of George W. Russell has an encouragement concealed in it:

“Age is no more near than youth
To the sceptre and the crown.
Vain the wisdom, vain the truth;
Do not lay thy rapture down.”

Does not this imply that the rapture incident to youth is more to be desired than the erudition that has lost the pristine enthusiasm of its pursuit? You ask, perhaps, why rapture can be retained if one is convinced that wisdom and truth are vain. Simply because rapture does not depend upon finality of attainment. You can keep it if you hold ever close to the self-renewing springs of beauty in art and nature. Growth in the finest results of knowledge can be accomplished only as the faculties are kept keenly on the alert. Arthur Machen makes ecstasy the test of fine literature, using the word, he says, as equivalent to rapture, beauty, adoration, awe, or mystery. This ecstasy is also the test of mental and spiritual progress. There must be a constant “renascence of wonder.”

The student, especially after he has entered professional life, will often, even in his most exalted moments, feel himself alone. It is in the nature of the experience. Necessary as teachers are, the chief reliance must be upon oneself. In the last analysis, every one who becomes a master is self-taught. There is a profound truth in the mystical lines of George W. Russell:

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“You and I must go
Our ways, unfolding lonely glories not our own.
Nor from each other gathered, but an inward glow,
Breathed by the Lone One on the seeker lone.”

This impression of loneliness, however, will not be constant; neither does it correspond to an actuality. Reflection will bring a consciousness of perpetual fellowship with all the other followers of the light. It is the same that the Church means by the communion of saints. There are invisible currents always flowing back and forth with invigorating power among all who possess the same aspirations. Emerson, in the peroration of his Dartmouth College address in 1838, which George William Curtis thought the finest specimen of American eloquence, affirmed that such fellowship is apparent to the sense as well as to the intuition. “Thought is all light,” he declared, “and publishes itself to the universe. It will speak, though you were dumb, by its own miraculous organ. It will flow out of your actions, your manners, and your face. It will bring you friendships. It will impledge you to truth by the love and expectation of generous minds.” Emerson is speaking to an academic circle, but his words are equally applicable to artists and dispensers of beauty. All lovers of beauty and truth constitute a fraternity, to which the only credential for admission is sincerity. Old and young stand on an equal footing of privilege: the old furnish wariness and circumspection in judgment, the young that eager vivacity which the veteran should

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ever strive to maintain as the gray years grow grayer.

After all is said, you will need all the enthusiasm you can muster, for Art is a hard taskmistress as well as a benefactor, and the pleasures she distributes will sometimes be offset by the pains. Depressions will come, trying to undermine your resolution. The natural love of ease will tempt you to disregard the great returns and be content with those which are more easily within your reach. The journey toward the ideal is like of that of Bunyan's Pilgrim toward the Holy City. You will be obliged to struggle through the Slough of Despond. Apollyon will waylay you in the Valley of Humiliation, and your Sword of the Spirit must always be drawn to repel him. Vanity Fair will spread its most tempting allurements before you. But the true light is always beaming. However remote it may seem, it never allows us to doubt that it is not an *ignis fatuus*, but a beacon tended by unfaltering hands. None knows better than he who has taken the vows of art that Robert Louis Stevenson's clarion call rings true: "O toiling hands of mortals! O unwearied feet, travelling ye know not whither. . . . Little do you know your own blessedness. For to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive, and the true success is to labor."

X

This is an exhilarating assurance; it might be classed among the Beatitudes. Is it only rhetoric?

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Does it bear the test of trial? Holding Bertrand Russell's antithesis before us it does not follow a life directed only by the acquisitive or possessive impulse, but in the life whose impulses are creative it is every day fulfilled. The true success is to labor: yes, if the labor brings new warmth to the heart, new satisfaction to the intellectual cravings, a consciousness of growth in the higher appreciations and in the power to add somewhat to the well-being of men. Your test of progress will lie along this line. The life you are about to enter upon as professional musicians will be an ever-questioning life as well as an affirming one. Doubts will sometimes arise from within as well as assail from without. We live in a world in which the great bulk of mankind is occupied with other aims than the pursuit of truth and beauty. Only the few know what these words mean. And among those who do care for the activities in which you will be engaged, the majority have their eyes fixed mainly on commercial profit. You will be conscious at every turn of a dull, stolid, greedy opposition to the ideal aims which you are adjured to follow. The temptation is always to conform to the standards of those who look upon art merely as a commodity with a market price attached — people who, as Oscar Wilde once said, know the price of everything and the value of nothing. Still more depressing will be the discovery that many who have gained prominence in the ranks of your own profession have sold themselves, measuring success not by the honor they have added to art in the estimation of

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the discerning, but by the size of their income and their notoriety among the sensation-seeking crowd. Thus art is shamed in the precincts of its temple. To resist these insidiously corrupting forces requires a resolution and a patience which must be continually fortified by convictions so strong that they have become a part of your very temperament.

The most dangerous temptation will come with a success that is achieved under the finest inspirations. You may win celebrity and honor from those whose praise is the most to be desired, and the peril will draw near in that very day of joy and pride. Why should I continue to toil for higher attainment? you will be inclined to say. Why should I not repose upon the height I have gained and look cheerfully upon the prospect that lies at my feet? From the moment that you give even an instant's room to a thought like that decline begins. Nothing is more sure in human experience than that every one is going either forward or backward; no life is ever stationary. As Goethe writes in "Faust":

"He only earns his freedom and existence
Who daily conquers them anew."

"Nothing is good in the life of a human being," says Bertrand Russell, "except the very best that his nature can achieve." There is no period of life to which these maxims do not apply; you and I are in bond to the same law. Obeying it you will know one of the greatest of all joys — the joy of growth,

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of rising day by day into a freer, ampler air. There is invigoration in a sense of incompleteness, because it reminds us of the existence of larger possibilities of power. The safeguard against relapse from our high resolution is in keeping our eyes always fixed upon the glory of art as it exists in history, both as an expression and as an emancipator of the human spirit.

It often happens that an artist arrives at the point where he feels that he has done not all that he longs to do, but all that he is able to do. Then comes loss of hope and courage, surrender, the end of the fight, disdain of the laurels that have been won by former victories. Such disasters often come to those who have been most faithful in labor, and who have cherished, as they supposed, noble ideals. Miss Mary Austin, in a magazine article, tells the story of a French painter who was found weeping bitterly before his just-completed masterpiece. When asked why he wept, he said it was because he realized that as an artist he was done for, quite at the end of his capacity.

"Nonsense!" cried his friend, "Look at this. Simply perfect!"

"I know it," said the artist. "That is why I know I am played out. I can't see anything wrong with that picture."

It seems to me easy to guess the cause of the stoppage in this artist's progress, and to prescribe a remedy in similar cases. If the truth were known, I suspect that it would be found that his aim had

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been a perfection that exists in terms of technical skill only (an error which imperils every artist who is highly trained); we may suppose that he had restricted himself within a narrow range of subject and treatment, shutting out the liberating influences which art always needs to preserve it from repetition and exhaustion. In the terms of the athlete, he was overtrained and had gone stale. He had failed to keep the springs of his mental life replenished by an inflow from the boundless resources of nature and diverse human emotion. He needed new quickening, new inspiration; his art had fed upon itself until its store of nourishment had failed. As no man lives to himself alone, so no art or department of knowledge thrives in shutting itself off from other human interests. The artist must indeed, while the particular work in hand is unfinished, concentrate his mental energies exclusively upon it. The problem of which he is absorbingly conscious will be most distinctly a technical problem; he is isolated from his kind; he sees only his task, he lives only in his task, the rest of the world is dead to him. Then with the completion of his work comes weariness and often dejection. Now if he has learned the laws of mental health, he turns to the great world again for recuperation. He enters once more into human fellowship, and is stimulated by understanding and sympathy with other toilsome lives. He looks at men in their strivings and victories and defeats, not as a cool, critical spectator but as an actor in the stirring drama.

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And also, if he is wise, he will often close his books, his instrument, or his paint box, leave the haunts of men, forget his regrets and even his hopes and successes, and resign himself to the sweet influences of nature in her strength and purity. He will feel the world energy in every beat of his own pulses. He will know himself as one of nature's agents in her divine work of creation. Such an artist will never have the grief of seeing nothing wrong with his picture. He will not suffer the misfortune of realizing his ideal.

There is no lesson which ambitious students more need to be taught. Even technic must be tempered in the fire of enthusiasm which exists only as the spirit is alive and dilating; and how much is this true of the vision which transcends it! To maintain the inward glow at a constant temperature is not accomplished under the forced draft of the will; it must be the consequence of a normal and habitual way of living; it must be free, self-perpetuating, joyous, based on physical well-being and intellectual and moral soundness. No doubt reflection, self-scrutiny, and determination of systematic methods are regular duties, for one never ceases to be a student; but the prime duty is to train the senses and keep alive the imagination just by contact with things that are beautiful and sanative, and letting them work their will in perfect freedom. The vitality that has been thus absorbed will overflow. One's audience and one's pupils will feel it without being able to tell just what it is they

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feel. The mellowness and vibrancy of touch that charms, the intelligence of conception that excites new recognitions even in experienced hearers, the revelation of the tenderness, the pathos, the passion, the grandeur of vision that were in the composer's soul — all this is never manufactured after the player takes his seat at the keyboard, and it cannot be served by a counterfeit. Neither is it gathered from formal precepts or by slavish addiction to a "method." It must emanate from a mind that is itself deep, tender, vivacious, contemplative, joyous, productive. Such a mind is not formed by the customary routine of study alone, nor by examples. It is a product of a wide outlook upon the world, and a happy response to every aspect of beauty, every invitation to fuller life, that meets us there.

XI

These accomplishments come indirectly and by the way, rather than by a stated regimen which has hardened into a duty so strict that it has become a bondage. The process must be free and alert, strenuous if you will, but with a strenuousness which retains the elasticity of play. We need not think how we are to be edified by landscapes and flowers, by pictures and music and poetry: make them a stiff moral obligation and we miss the joy, and "to miss the joy," as Stevenson reminds us, "is to miss all." It is doubtful if accomplishments

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gained without pleasure are worth the labor. One cannot make the warning to the artist or the art student too strong, that he be not absorbed in the technic or the material returns of his calling. The things in life that are most universally sweet and dear are not best known by measurement and comparison. When they come to you in your art, take them as you take flowers and June sunshine and women's faces. Even of such things one may be critical, but criticism forgets itself in appreciation. Think also that when you keep yourselves fully charged with the joy of your art, it will overflow, and, flashing along the lines of your trained skill, a joy like your own will leap in the hearts of your hearers. It will be felt not only in your performance and your teaching, but also in your face, your manners, your whole bearing. It will be the best part of your service to your fellow creatures. It will be your testimony to the real *raison d'être* of art and the art life. Such service is blessed by the heavenly powers. The water of a fountain, sparkling and throwing rainbows in the sunshine, turns no mill-wheels, floats no merchandise, as it runs away, but where is the fool who would say that the water is wasted? And how much more is the artist in music than a fountain! The tones he scatters abroad exist not for the ear as the water drops for the eye; they not only charm the sense but they have the power of evocation, they bear associations that come from unknown depths, they are charged with memories and prophecies, they are messages

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from the composer's soul reinforced by the eloquence of the interpreter's testimony to the beauty which he has made his own.

XII

I am not exaggerating the importance to the musician of keeping his mind fresh and buoyant, and of going outside of his profession at stated times to find that refreshment. It is the same with all artists. It is a well-known fact that any occupation too constantly persisted in loses the pleasure which the task should give in order to be mentally productive. So constant is the law of distaste following prolonged concentration, that those who are day in and day out surrounded by objects of beauty, as, for instance, directors of art museums, or those who are toilsomely engaged in directing musical or dramatic productions, often find to their consternation that their love of art for its own sake is growing weak. Students of music who spend the whole working day in technical practice, music teachers who are overtaxed with engagements, popular painters and novelists whose work is always in demand, architects who spend months on the plans and construction of a single building — it is a common observation that they often show less enthusiasm for their art than the ordinary amateur. The professional critic is often reproached for his apparent inability to get enjoyment from the art he deals with. Many are so impressed with this

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observation that in matters of art they are ready to accept the belief that "ignorance is bliss" and that "it is folly to be wise." A friend of mine exclaimed to a group of music teachers: "You hate music, you know you do." The reproach was unjust, but not wholly inexcusable. When a student or a professional performer or a teacher works hard all summer in exactly the same grind that has occupied him all the rest of the year, any gains that may be acquired will some day be paid for by a loss or at least a diminution of the exuberant joy in beauty which, after all, is the best reward of the artist life. The greatest danger that meets the artist is that his profession may become a trade: not that there is any discredit in a trade, but it is certain that lasting happiness is not secured by one's trade alone, while a single-minded devotion to beauty, as to truth or to holiness, is able to fill the life full of a joy which no adversity can take away. Study, therefore, the conditions of this happiness, remembering that one of the conditions is a frequent relief from the drudgeries. It is granted when you come back to your art with mind rested and renewed by separation from it. Even in your practice of it you should often release it from what are called its practical interests, contemplating it as a wise man contemplates life and thereby, as a spectator who does not ask too much for himself, escapes from the soil and the bruises which are the lot of those who mingle too fiercely in its follies and its strifes.

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XIII

I have tried to prove my assertion that the musical life is or should be a life of joy. But my thesis should need no argument. Its proof is the same as that which confirms the worth of any phase of life when ideally directed. For joy, as I have tried to define it by implication, always accompanies a consciousness of growth of the nobler faculties. Art is one of the means by which a man becomes aware of those faculties and of their purpose in the evolutionary scheme. Certain impulses seize him and stir him to an unrest which cannot be satisfied until, calling in the aid of the shaping power of his intellect, he has moulded concrete forms upon which he can turn his reflection, and use them as means to the attainment of a fuller knowledge of himself and of the higher developments which lie before him. Music brings to light a store of inward energy which seems less capable of explanation on the ground of usefulness to his life needs than any other art, and yet none is more clamorous for release by expression. Says Frederick W. H. Myers: "Since the germ of life appeared on the earth, its history has been a history not only of gradual self-adaptation to a known environment, but of gradual discovery of an environment, always there, but unknown." * He says again: "We know the difficulty of explaining its [music's] rise on any current theory of the evolution of human

* *Human Personality*, vol. I.

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faculty. We know that it is like something discovered, not like something manufactured." We do not love music less when we realize that its very existence as an art is the wonder of the philosophers. It is not strange that the ancient thinkers believed it to be a direct gift from the gods. For the same reason it was the inevitable accompaniment of religious ceremony and magical incantation. The reverence we pay to it now has something of an infusion of this ancient idea. The priests of Greece and Egypt would have little difficulty in understanding Schopenhauer when he wrote: "The invention of melody, the exposition of all the deepest secrets of human desires and feelings, is the work of genius, whose work is here, more obviously than elsewhere, free from all reflection and conscious purpose, and may be called an inspiration." *

The same mystic wisdom lurks in all the forms of beauty which man has created for his instruction and delight. They also are the "exposition of all the deepest secrets of human desires and feelings," but the most enchanting, as well as the most occult, are those that are

"built
Of music, therefore, never built at all,
And therefore built forever."

They are called intangible, evanescent, as though they were charming unrealities, fluttering around

* Arthur Schopenhauer, *Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung*, vol. I. Translated by Edward Dannreuther.

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actual life without touching it in ministration to its urgent need. But nothing is more real than they. They spring from that subconscious region which is the most persistent and determining part of us. The soul of them lies silent in printed or written characters, ready to be aroused at any instant and to come forth with an almost fearful power over human hearts. It is the business of your coming years to train the faculty by which you summon these spirits from their "vasty deeps" with an exorcism ever more compelling. This training consists in bringing the apparatus of nerve and muscle under such instant control of intellect and emotion that thought, feeling, and touch will be as one. Nothing that I have said must lead any reader to infer that I think slightly of the physical and intellectual side of the preparation. Every art is also a science. "Technic, and again technic," a master once exclaimed. Yes, technic conceived as in itself beauty — the "values" of the painter, the modelling of the sculptor, the touch of the pianist; perceiving that Mr. Carleton Noyes's assertion in regard to technic in plastic art applies also to the pianist's physical mastery of his instrument and the vocal control of the singer or actor, that "the worth of technic is determined, not by its excellence as such, but by its efficiency for expression." * However far you may go in the attainment of technical skill — even if you do not go very far — if you can add to a true insight into the

* *The Gate of Appreciation.*

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composer's purpose a beauty of sound, which is wholly your own contribution — since the composer can do no more than presuppose it — then you are entitled to the appellation of artist and have a right to share in the honor that is paid to the art you serve.

Joseph Conrad's judgment in regard to the fine art of sailing a yacht is an excellent description of the process involved in any industry in which the realization of a conception is contingent upon refinement of manipulation. "Such skill, the skill of technic, is more than honesty; it is something wider, embracing honesty and grace and rule in an elevated and clear sentiment. It is made up of accumulated tradition, kept alive by individual pride, rendered exact by professional opinion, and spurred on and sustained by discriminating praise. This is why the attainment of proficiency, the pushing of your skill with attention to the most delicate shades of excellence, is a matter of vital concern. But there is something beyond — a higher point, a subtle and unmistakable touch of love and pride beyond mere skill; an inspiration which gives to all work that finish which is almost art — which *is* art." *

Love in the art and pride in it — Conrad is right, nothing in art worth achieving can be performed without these. And it must be love for the whole art, not alone for the fragment of it which is your special vocation. This is my last admoni-

* *The Mirror of the Sea.*

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tion, and not the least important. In my long experience the most common error that I have discovered is right here, not only among students but as frequently among professional musicians. So many of them have but little interest outside their own specialty. I have heard it said that in New York when a pianist gives a recital the hall is mainly occupied by piano players; if a famous singer is the attraction, those who are not singing teachers or singing students are conspicuously absent. I fear it is much the same with those occupied with other fields of art. The proprietor of an art store in New York said to me: "Landscape painters come in here, but they have no interest in portraits or figure pictures, and portrait painters care nothing for landscapes." This may be unjust to the painters — there are certainly many exceptions to this stricture — but I know that narrowness of interest often increases as one becomes absorbed in the development of the particular skill required by the department of art which one has chosen. Art becomes a trade instead of a sentiment. That it is an error, and a harmful one, requires no argument to prove. I fully believe that if it is indulged, one's special work will sooner or later be unfavorably affected by it. The truth is the same in all occupations. The college professor, for instance, who feels no interest in any department of knowledge but one will fall short of his best possible efficiency in that one. Any single musical pursuit engaged in as a profession inevitably brings certain acces-

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sories that are unattractive, such as self-advertising, prosaic business details, currying favor with influential persons and interests, and these often lead to aggressiveness, egotism, jealousies, which seems to many incompatible with the ideal beauty of the cause that is professed. It seems to me that one can go far in the avoidance of such dangers by suffusing the whole motive of one's work with a spirit drawn from the most liberal conception of the service which musical art as a whole has performed in the world and is able to perform in one's intellectual life. It is a significant fact that most of the greatest pianists have also engaged in composition or in orchestral conducting. A few, such as Liszt, Anton Rubinstein, Hans von Bülow, Paderewski, Rachmaninoff, have gained great distinction in one of these side pursuits; the majority have not added appreciably to their fame by this means; but there can be no question, I feel sure, that in every instance the stimulus and the increase of knowledge that would come from such enterprises have favorably affected their powers of interpretation as pianists. I am not saying that every player or singer should devote himself also to composition or conducting, but I do affirm that it is his duty, as it should be his delight, to keep in active sympathy with all the varied aspects of beauty as they appear in the several departments of musical art. And not only should this love reach to all the bounds of music, but beyond its bounds, into the fields of all the kindred arts, and still further rang-

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ing in joyous expectancy wherever one may hope to find beauty, health, and enlightenment in the revelations of nature or the creations of man. Such a motive will not only give eagerness and zest to life as a whole, but it will also ensure a brilliancy and depth of conception to one's public work as an interpreter of the masters which could never come from a mechanical routine in study or dulness of imagination. The attribute which I have tried to define under the name of joy is the creator of enthusiasm, and as every great work of art is the product of enthusiasm, so an adequate interpretation can only be set in motion by the same fiery impulse.

Our calling is a sacred one because the love of beauty testifies to the reality of the spiritual life, and works in ourselves, and in those to whom we effectually minister, to clarify the springs from which the spiritual life is fed. Material returns may come in abundance; if they do we may rightly rejoice in them; I never hold that they are to be despised. But I could wish that every young musician might enter professional life with the resolve to be always classed with those

“who hold

Earth's coin of less account than fairy gold;
Their treasure not the spoil of crowns and kings,
But the dim beauty at the heart of things.”

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